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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., AS ELECTION REPORTER IN GERMANY
He wouldn't pay five thousand dollars to interview Hitler. (Keystone photo.)

Life Began at 640

FAREWELL TO FIFTH AVENUE. By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR TRAIN

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., has capitalized his name in three hundred pages of tabloid journalism in which he excoriates millionaires, bankers, (Republican) office-holders, and Society in general. According to him, most, if not all, of the former are pusillanimous selfish parasites, the so-called Society people malicious, jealous snobs. "The business of making one's friends miserable constitutes the real purpose and meaning of Society," he says. It is very, very old stuff indeed, although well written of its kind. He has given us a very interesting and detailed account of the visits of Kaiser Wilhelm and King Edward to his parents' yacht, the *North Star,* of his trip with Secretary Hoover through the flooded areas of Mississippi, of his interviews with the Pope, Mussolini, and Al Capone. If the rest of his narrative were as good, it might have had some value as social history, but for the most part any worth it might otherwise have is negatived by the author's extravagance of statement, sensationalism, and bias. It is an angry book, and the reader may be inclined to wonder whether the "farewell" was less his to Fifth Avenue than it was Fifth Avenue's to him. The fact that action and reaction are equal and opposite in direction probably accounts for its intemperate tone.

Ostensibly the story of the revolt of a poor little rich boy, who, owing to his parents' great wealth and exalted social position, never had a fair chance but who made a man of himself by breaking the parental shackles and enlisting in the war, it nevertheless savors of disgruntled egotism rather than of Youth seeing a Vision. According to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., he had never known America because, although he had dined with every crowned head in Europe before he was sixteen, he had never (believe it or not!) "gone out unescorted." He had lived as much in the atmosphere of a royal court on Bellevue Avenue as if he had been in Europe. The war came and for the first time he discovered America—"somewhere in France." He awoke from his dream existence as an American crown prince to reality—at least he claims that he did, but it cer-

(*Continued on page* 490)

Shipwrecked in the Brazilian Forest

JUNGLE. A Tale of the Amazon Rubber-Tappers. Translated from the Portuguese of Ferreira De Castro by Charles Duff. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

IF De Castro's novel isn't a pretty straight record of his own early experiences in the Amazon rubber-country, it very deftly assumes the form which such a record, honestly set down, might take. There is no plot; the few instances of objective drama are generally understated or permitted to trail off, as things so frequently do in real life, instead of being played up to a climax as they might easily be. Such story as there is, is constantly interrupted by passages of description, somewhat after the fashion of W. H. Hudson. A sensitive young European, stranded in Brazil, permits himself to be sent up the great river by an ungenerous uncle with a gang of rubber-tappers. He goes through the mill, helpless as any of the other semi-slaves, and after several years, is lucky enough to get out and to return to Portugal again. What we seem to be reading is the literal record of what such a young man might see and feel, with nothing added to make a story.

The real hero—or villain—of course, is the jungle itself. Not the "green hell" seen for a few days or weeks by some scribbling tripper who skips in and out simply to make a book; still less the Seabrook sort of tripe; but that appalling wilderness of the Amazon's headwaters, its vastness, isolation, impersonal cruelty, as they gradually wear down and break—swallow, so to say—the courage, pride, sense of individual identity, even, of the occasional white man condemned to stay there, year in and year out, and to fight for existence with his own hands against that hideously hostile natural exuberance.

The outstanding idea in his mind, the author explains in a foreword, "was that of humanity. It is but a short chapter of a work which one day will record the suffering of all those simple souls throughout the centuries in their search for food and justice." And he makes this plea the more effective by keeping it always implicit, never stated, as such. His young Portuguese, Alberto, is a monarchist, exiled for political agitation from his own country, and a soft, rather snobbish young

(*Continued on page* 489)

The Lost Art of the Essay*

BY ELIZABETH DREW

[*Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article in a recent* Saturday Review *asking magazines to bring back the personal essay for readers tired of journalistic assemblages of facts, has aroused much discussion, in which what was meant by an essay has not been always clear. The* Review *prints Miss Drew's able historical summary of what the essay is and does as a contribution to the argument.—The Editors.*]

WHAT is an essay? It is impossible not to agree with J. B. Priestley that the simplest and safest definition of the essay is that it is a kind of composition produced by an essayist. The term is indeed so wide that it is meaningless. If we try to bring Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" and Lamb on "Old China" within the limits of a single definition it obviously cannot be done. The essay may be a dissertation, a piece of rhetoric, an argument, a discussion. It may deal with a religious, economic, historical, sociological, scientific, or philosophical subject, or any other kind of subject. But it is clear that there is something very much narrower in definition which we really mean when we speak of the essay in any general discussion of literature. We mean a form of writing which aims definitely at certain literary values: that is, it aims at using language as a medium to present life in a way of its own.

As Virginia Woolf says:

> Of all forms of literature, the essay is the one which least calls for the use of long words. The principle which controls it is simply that it should give pleasure; the desire which impels us when we take it from the shelf is simply to receive pleasure. Everything in an essay must be subdued to that end. It should lay us under a spell with its first word, and we should only wake refreshed with its last. In the interval we may pass through the most varied experiences of amusement, surprise, interest, indignation . . . but we must never be roused. The essay must lap us about and draw its curtain across the world.

It is true that the class of writings which we usually mean when we speak of essays, does not have the rousing and animating quality of Burke or Milton. Its aim is much milder, its achievement quite different. The supreme art of the essay proper, that special type of writing which was originated and invented by Montaigne, and dates from the first publication of his "Essaies" in March, 1571, is to communicate personality. The essay (the word was used by Montaigne simply to denote experiments in a new form of writing) is the most direct form of prose communication between author and reader: it is deliberate egotism and self-revelation. Montaigne wrote the epigraph for all essayists, "these are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things, but to lay open myself." As Lamb said of him, "his own character pervades the whole, and binds it sweetly together," and it is significant that Coleridge said of Lamb himself, "Charles Lamb has more totality and individuality of character than any other man I know."

That is the character the perfect essayist requires. He says with Sir Thomas Browne: "the world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I cast my eye on. For the other I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation." The novelist or the dramatist requires to be detached from his own personality. He may be David Copperfield or Jane Eyre or Hamlet, but he must also be Dick Swiveller or Paul Emmanuel or Lady Macbeth. But the essayist must never be more than one character. The personality with which he writes may not be entirely his own, but it must be a complete personality. Elia is not the whole of Charles Lamb, nor the *Spectator* the whole of Joseph Addison, but they are each a completely recognizable person. We can walk round them and feel we know them in the most actual and tangible way. And we must have this sense of intimacy with the essay-writer, it is the essential of his peculiar and difficult art. He must always be the same person, and we must never be out of his company. Whatever other personality or situation or circumstance he presents, whatever book or picture or actor he is discussing, he is at pains to remind us all the time that it is *his* vision of them we are sharing. The main interest is always shifted subtly from the subject of the essay, to the kind of mind and being—the personality—which is writing of that subject. Creative egotism is the secret of the essayist, an egotism which happens, in the hands of an artist, as if it were the most simple and natural thing in the world, while in reality it is never successful unless it is presented with supreme skill. Just as his subject matter appears desultory and meandering, and is really the most carefully conceived and constructed of unities.

Alexander Smith, a minor writer of the mid-nineteenth century, who wrote a good essay On the Writing of Essays, in a volume called "Dreamthorp," says that the essay resembles the lyric in that both

* This article, somewhat expanded, will constitute a chapter in Elizabeth Drew's book, "The Enjoyment of Literature," shortly to be published by W. W. Norton & Co.

This Week

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: Volume IV
Reviewed by Sidney B. Fay

THE PRIMROSE PATH
By OGDEN NASH
Reviewed by Ted Robinson

THE GREAT WALL CRUMBLES
By GROVER CLARK
Reviewed by Pearl S. Buck

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE
Translated by JACOB ZEITLIN
Reviewed by J. Boorsch

THE PINNACLE OF GLORY
By WILSON WRIGHT
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

FORGIVE ADAM
By MICHAEL FOSTER
Reviewed by Currie Cabot

WUMP: OR FIRST AID TO THE HOSTESS
By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

GLIMPSES
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT
By JOHN T. WINTERICH

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are moulded by some central mood, whimsical, serious, or satirical. "Give the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows round it as a cocoon grows round the silkworm." This is a good image of the essayist's art, and is a better starting point for the illustrating of essays than a mere history of the subject. But a few chronological landmarks are perhaps helpful. Montaigne died in 1592, and the first ten of Bacon's essays appeared in print five years later, and were the first essays to be published in England. He increased the number to thirty-eight in the edition of 1612, and to

FIRST ENGLISH ESSAYIST
Francis Bacon, from Cunliffe's "Pictured Story of English Literature." (Appleton-Century.)

fifty-eight in the final edition of 1625. But although Bacon must have taken the idea of the essay from Montaigne, nothing could be more different than the "moods" from which each of the two spins his thread. Montaigne must always remain the perfect example of the essayist temperament, writing of the world as it is seen through the eyes of a temperament, and manages to turn it into something completely inhuman. Montaigne is a warm flesh and blood figure, sitting at ease at his study writing-table underneath the beam on which is carved "I do not understand; I pause; I examine." Bacon is a chilly statue of Wisdom, commenting on human life in the manner of a great judge in his robes and ermine, with the greatest brilliance and the greatest detachment. The subject is always perfectly planned and presented, but it is all entirely external and general. It has all been thought, never felt.

It was not until Cowley's essays were published in 1668 that the tone of Montaigne crept into the English essay. Cowley's talent is a small one, his personality is not interesting or varied enough to bear very much exploitation of it: the vein is very soon worked out, but what there is of it is gold. In his essay "Of Myself" there is the true flavor—that intimacy and warmth of spirit, that fresh simplicity and apparent artlessness. It creates its own charm as it flows along: it is nothing, and yet it is delightful.

Some of the essays of Sir William Temple (Dorothy Osborne's husband) have this same note, but it was the coming of the periodical newspaper which really established the essay in popularity. This created a market for it, which it has never lost, so that it was not only aristocratic dilettantes who could afford to practise it; and it developed that easy, friendly manner which comes from the essayist's sense that he is writing for a familiar circle of readers who are in sympathy with him. It also encouraged the essayist to write on the subjects which make the best essays—incidents of daily life about him, the immediate, the personal, the tangible, not the abstract and indefinite. On April 12th, 1709, the first number of *The Tatler*, one little folded sheet of paper, appeared at the breakfast tables of the aristocracy and in the coffee-houses of the town, and from then onwards the eighteenth century was deluged with essays. To our modern taste, the majority of these essays are completely unreadable except in small extracts, and indeed the capacity of the reading public of the eighteenth century for swallowing pills in jam is one of the most surprising things about it. Why, with the example of that century before us, we continue to regard the Victorian age as the great age of moral lessons in literature, is a mystery. At no time did the daily and weekly reading of the majority concern itself so much with the moral conduct of life as it did in the eighteenth century. If Steele gives a charming description of a happy family, he will follow it up with a paper about the death of the wife and mother and a discussion of the ethics of Loss. Even the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, the great artistic achievement of the eighteenth-century essay, are apt to be interrupted by Addison's insistence on pointing the moral, and the same is true of Goldsmith. The essay became the vehicle of platitude rather than of experience: the essayists will not let themselves be themselves because they are all so busy feeling they must be the Censor. And as a result, though it would be easy to make an anthology of first-rate passages from the eighteenth-century essayists, it is not surprising that the heart of the average student sinks when he is told that if he wants to write good prose he must give his days and nights to the study of Addison. Addison is a very dull writer, and the volumes of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* are dull volumes, and there are many equally good writers of prose.

And yet it is not really because the eighteenth century is so concerned about problems of conduct that it is dull: it is because of the way in which the writers treat of them. We are all, as a matter of fact, interested in ethical questions and in reading about them, but we are not interested in having a purely conventional and general code of social and personal morality applied to every subject. It is that which stifles the individuality which is the breath of life to the essayist. Dr. [illegible] values of these men. If, however, moral feeling be an essential part of the mood in which the essay is conceived—instead of being merely tacked on as an adjunct—it becomes an essential part of its total quality and effect, and we would not wish it otherwise. Ethical feeling can lap us round as securely as any other mood.

It is no longer the fashion now to read Robert Louis Stevenson. His vogue during his life and immediately after his early death was so great and glowing that a reaction was bound to set in. But his popularity will inevitably return. He was a second-rate novelist, for his creative gift was never substantial enough to write great novels, but he is a first-rate essayist. And the mood of all, or almost all, of his essays is an ethical one; he spins its thread around some problem of conduct or some tenet of his own individual faith. Stevenson had to struggle all his life with an incurable disease: he did his work unflinchingly against appalling odds. But the strange thing about his extraordinarily vivid personality was that it produced an attitude to life which, instead of being one of splendid stoical endurance of suffering, managed to be one of positive exhilaration. He justifies life because it is a battle; it is only over-prudence and timidity which he finds paralyzing. With Stevenson we are very far removed from the bony conventional morality of the eighteenth century. We are in the company of a clear-cut, witty, courageous, sensitive personality, and we are in the presence of an artist in prose.

The moods in which the problems of human conduct are of supreme importance can therefore be the basis of the essayist's art as much as any other moods. But it is true that they very seldom do make thoroughly successful essays. If a personality is passionately concerned with such questions, it is ten to one that his calling will not be that of an essayist; he will be expressing his personality in some more immediately practical way. We may safely say that but for the accident of ill-health Stevenson would not have been content to have written essays. The essay which the man of such a temperament writes is seldom as we say "pure literature." It has an ulterior aim: it seeks to convert or persuade, to argue, to discuss, to analyze, to explain. It goes over into history or politics or criticism, like Macaulay or Carlyle or Arnold. But the pure essayist, as Virginia Woolf says, seeks only to give pleasure, and we read him with no ulterior aim ourselves. His own occupations and his own acquaintance are his subject matter, and we ask for nothing of more public or general importance.

From very early days, when minor seventeeth-century writers wrote "characters," which, in general, were nothing but wooden descriptions of commonplace types, the essayist was fond of the character sketch. It lends itself naturally to the essay, and as we have said the Sir Roger papers hold a unique place among early essays. Goldsmith did something of the same sort in his pictures of Beau Tibbs, and Lamb's "Captain Jackson" is a little masterpiece in that style. These, however, are all very simple in their method of presentation, and a more complex treatment, which is indeed a most masterly illustration of the technique of the essay, is Hazlitt's "My First Acquaintance with Poets." It is a long essay—twenty-five pages in the edition I have of it—but once started upon it, there is no one, I think, who has any interest in the literary personalities of the early nineteenth century, who could possibly want to stop. It opens without preamble, and we are at once in the atmosphere of living presences, of Coleridge and Hazlitt and Hazlitt's father, Wordsworth and Dorothy, and Lamb for a moment. The reader is so caught up and carried along by the writing, that it is not until the whole is analyzed and anatomized that we realize the brilliance of the artistry with which its varied strands are knit together, its varied emotions fused into a unity of effect. It appeals to so much of the total human consciousness: to purely intellectual interests, to dramatic emotions, to the sense of common curiosity, to reverence and admiration, to laughter and pity, to eye and ear and physical sensation, and to the ache in the heart of every human being who has lost his youth and its dreams.

LAST ENGLISH ESSAYIST?
Max Beerbohm, from a caricature by Joseph Simpson.

It is time to say something of the greatest artist among English essay-writers—Charles Lamb. It would be interesting to work out a comparison between his essay on "Old China" and Hazlitt's "My First Acquaintance with Poets," and to note in detail the different methods of two artists, with widely different personalities, dealing with something of the same sort of theme. Both create extraordinarily living figures and both intertwine the past and the present to gain a particular effect. Lamb writes in a mood of comedy, Hazlitt in one of disillusion; Lamb uses the dramatic method, Hazlitt the descriptive; and each essay is a masterpiece of its kind. But something more general must be said of Lamb.

I suspect there are times when all readers who do not regard Lamb as "Saint Charles" find his exaggerated "quaintness" irritating; when his description of his own writings as "villainously prank't in an affected array of antique modes and phrases" seems justly to sum up their weakness; when his so carefully created personality palls. But these are definitely, I think, some of those occasions when the reader is at fault, when "habit and lethargy have dulled his palate!" For to come freshly and without prejudice to Lamb is to confess that, within the limits of the essay, he is perfection. This perfection is partly the result of a unique temperament, partly the effect of a unique kind of learning and thinking, and partly sheer technical mastery of his medium. One great element in his success is the tangibility, the concreteness of the world he creates. Lamb is sometimes spoken of as if he were a shy, elusive, almost dim figure. He was, of course, shy and retiring in life; he stammered and was insignificant-looking; he hated publicity and "occasions." But there is no one who is more clearly embodied in his writing. There the outline of his own figure is clean-edged, firm, and sure, projected in the round, unlike the figure of anybody else, significant, unique. We know Lamb as perhaps we know no other writer of essays. The precision and clarity and grace of his presentation of himself delight the sensuous imagination everywhere. There is never the slightest danger in Lamb of the atmosphere being dispersed by his lack of the skill to sustain it. There is no blurring or feebleness or fumbling. He can make his instrument communicate exactly what he wishes it to, whether he is criticizing the tragedies of Shakespeare, or wandering through Oxford in the vacation, or describing a poor relation. His language can be as sumptuous and sonorous as Milton or as simple as Steele, and his power of enlarging his effects with the subtleties and suggestion of quotation and allusion might be compared with the modern master of that art, Mr. T. S. [illegible]

mannerisms by which we recognize them easily, some—Macaulay and Pater and G. K. Chesterton, for example—have a peculiar character of mind which stamps everything they write and gives it a vitality of its own, but that is not the same thing as the creative egotism of the pure essayist. The only modern writer who touches that particular quality is Max Beerbohm. His essays have not the width and variety of Lamb; he has none of Lamb's vast reading, his marrowy meditative vein, his direct humanity. He is detached, sophisticated in his simplicity, sly and very quiet in his humor and wit. The unity of his work is not the unifying of a wide diversity of moods into one personality, but rather the unifying of a whole personality into a single mood. The tone of his voice never changes, but it is an individual voice of great polish and distinction.

It must, I think, be noticeable to all readers, that the more the essay tends towards biography, autobiography, or fiction, the better we are pleased. It is such passages which seem to insist on being quoted when one seeks for illustrations. The pure exploitation of personality is a ticklish business. As Montaigne says:

> 'Tis a rugged road, more so than it seems, to follow a pace so rambling and uncertain, as that of the soul; . . . to choose and lay hold of so many little nimble motions.

The soul, indeed, is so elusive and so difficult to capture in words that it almost always escapes, and either leaves the mind to comment, or has its place taken by a trivial and wordy egotism. The mind produces articles and treatises and critical essays which appeal to other minds and provide intellectual stimulus, but a second-rate egotism produces that most tedious of all poor literature—the poor essay. And the fact that the average reader does, undoubtedly, find essays in general dull reading, leads us to an inescapable conclusion: the conclusion that the essay does not today satisfy many of the needs which literature does satisfy, or at any rate does not satisfy them nearly so well as either biography or fiction.

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The War Advances

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Vol. IV. 1917. *Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* 1934. $4.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY

LLOYD GEORGE'S fourth volume, especially the first half, leaves a pleasanter taste in the mouth than many of his earlier pages. There is less castigation of individuals who differed from him and a more generous appreciation of those who collaborated in the common cause.

He begins with a fine tribute to India and the Dominions. By October, 1916, they had raised over a million men for the service of the Empire, not because of any compulsion from London, but spontaneously out of loyalty to a cause in which the Mother Country had engaged without consulting them. Their tremendous effort naturally led to the idea that they ought to be more fully and freely consulted on the innumerable problems growing out of the war. The immediate result was the creation in March, 1917, of the Imperial War Cabinet. In it, as shown in the frontispiece, sat the Maharajah of Bikanir and the Premiers of the Dominions. The ultimate result was that closer cohesion and coöperation between England and her overseas subjects which was to transform the British Empire into a Commonwealth of Nations.

Another development of far-reaching importance, which was accelerated by Lloyd George in 1917, was the evolution of the air forces. When the war came, it was only five years since Blériot had made the first cross-Channel flight. Aviation was in its infancy. It was slow growing to strength and independence in England because it remained for three years under the army and navy. These two wings of the air forces competed with each other. They lacked coördination, and they had failed both in protecting England against German air raids and in affording satisfactory reconnoitering for the army and navy. Lloyd George saw the advantages of raising the air service to an independent position as a third branch of the fighting forces, free from benumbing military and naval control. As usual, he met with stubborn opposition from the War Department and the Admiralty, especially the latter. But with the tactful and shrewd assistance of General Smuts he secured in March, 1917, the creation of an Air Ministry, declaring:

> The heavens are their battlefield; they are the cavalry of the clouds. Their daily, yea, their nightly struggles are like the Miltonic conflict between the winged hosts of light and darkness. They are the knighthood of this war, without fear and without reproach.

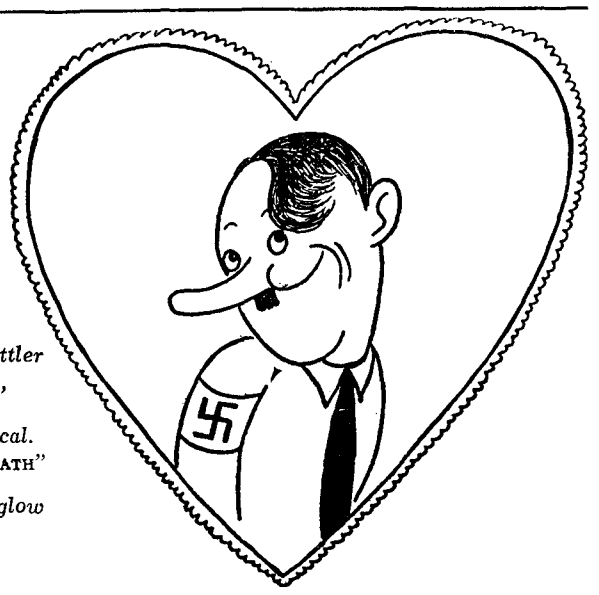
In 1918 thirty thousand airplanes were manufactured and forty thousand more were on order. Peace came, but the Air Ministry survived. It has greatly promoted the commercial aviation of peace, as well as continuing to be one of the branches of defense.

In the chapter on the Stockholm Conference Lloyd George pictures his embarrassment between the revolutionary ferment and pacifist propaganda stimulated by the Russian Revolution on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the strong anti-German war feeling of the English sailors and soldiers. How was he to keep the cordial support of the Russian Soviets who at first favored the Stockholm Conference, and at the same time satisfy English and French public opinion which would not hear of delegates being allowed to go to talk with Germans? As he indicates by inserting a good cartoon, the British Sailors' and Firemen's Union solved his difficulty by flatly refusing to convey Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to Stockholm. However, Mr. Arthur Henderson, who had just come back from Russia "with more than a touch of revolutionary malaria," went off arm in arm with Ramsay MacDonald to a socialist meeting in Paris. He returned to persuade their British brethren to vote in favor of sending delegates to Stockholm. This action, together with the "doormat incident," when he was kept waiting outside an hour while the War Cabinet discussed his indiscretions, led to his resignation from the Cabinet. The episode, as Lloyd George tells it, is full of poignant human interest, heightened no doubt by his warm regard for Henderson's many fine qualities.

After chapters on Labor Unrest and Electoral Reform, Lloyd George relates in detail the secret comings and goings of Prince Sixte de Bourbon and the feelers for a separate peace with Austria. His narrative is the most clear, detailed, and interesting account of this more or less mysterious peace move which has appeared in English. Following it is a good chapter on the equally futile peace moves made by the Vatican and by Baron Kühlmann. None of them could succeed because of Allied distrust of an unbeaten Germany.

In the second half of the volume Lloyd George again gets into his denunciatory stride. He vigorously assails G. H. Q. for its ghastly failure in "The Campaign of Mud" (Passchendaele), just as he had assailed the Admiralty in the previous volume for long blocking his plans for dealing with the submarine danger. Sir Douglas Haig, always seconded by Sir William Robertson and unduly encouraged by the "sycophantic optimism" of Headquarters "brass hats" who never went up to the front-line trenches, insisted that an offensive in Flanders would achieve great results, win back much of the Belgian coast, and wear the Germans down to exhaustion. Lloyd George was skeptical, but he yielded to the military experts. Events proved that his skepticism was only too well founded. The civilian will be inclined to agree with Lloyd George's comment on G. H. Q.: "Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to send their troops to die."

PRIME MINISTER: *"You young rascal! I never said that."*
NEWSBOY: *"Well, I'll lay yer meant it."*
—From "Lloyd George by Mr. Punch" (Stokes).



Some day, some talented belittler
Will pen a valentine to Hitler,
The gory bigot pedagogical,
Adolf, the Primrose Pathological.
—FROM "THE PRIMROSE PATH"
BY OGDEN NASH.
Illustrated by Soglow

See Through the Cracks

THE PRIMROSE PATH. By Ogden Nash. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by TED ROBINSON

I TORE the paper from this volume, from my perfecto jogged an ash,
And, lo and behold, the book was "The Primrose Path" by Ogden Nash!
Now far be it from me to titter at your
Ideas of what constitutes Literature,
But if anybody asks me anxiously who can rescue humorous poetry from the ash can,
I shall unhesitatingly answer, "Nash can."
I have heard people say, "It is a clever idea,
But he will be unable to keep it up indefinitely, I feah.
And of course, once you see how it's done, anybody can do it easily."
They say that very confidently and breezily—
But I remember that people first said it
When Ogden Nash had only one book ("Hard Lines") to his credit,
And here is the fifth book, and even better than his first one,
And it isn't likely that his fifteenth, even, will be his worst one.
As for anyone doing it, a lot of imitators have gone to it,
And they just can't do it.
This review, for instance, is the usual sort of parody,
And if you don't like it, I don't particularly care a D,
For the more I work over it, the more it gets to be a hash
Of bad rhythm and rough words and nothing at all like Nash.
The difference between Ogden Nash and all the imitations
Is largely a question of mental limitations;
For whether he's writing (and he's an expert at it) a Limerick,
Or something translated from the Cymeric,
Or an ode to a wombat or Mae West or a caribou,
Or a wallop at a Stuffed Shirt or a children's Fable or Parabou,
Every poem has got a point to it and really means something
While every imitation is pointless, and on the whole a dumb thing.
If you don't think he is a lyric artist, I'll bet you eleven
Dollars that when you run across "The Secret Town" on page 97,
You'll read it three times to discover what the joke is,
Or else you'll cry, "A Poet's what this bloke is!"
And I have no doubt it's as easy for him to be lyrical
As satirical;
But I hope he'll stick mostly to satire,
In which, compared to him, almost any other bard is a flat tire.
So I hope everybody before he eats or sleeps or takes a bath
Will drop everything and read "The Primrose Path,"
But don't be misled by the Shakespearean context about Dalliance,
For there's nothing here to upset one's emotional balliance;
Because the dalliance is with the Muse, and is purely verbal and textual,
And has nothing to do with anything sextual—
And this alone makes it unique, but is only one of the reasons
Why I say that it is not only the funniest but also one of the wisest books that have been published for several seasons.

Ted Robinson conducts the column, "The Philosopher of Folly," and is literary editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

China in Perspective

THE GREAT WALL CRUMBLES. By Grover Clark. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by PEARL S. BUCK

MR. GROVER CLARK'S own phrase, "an adequate perspective," is the phrase which most perfectly describes his book. It presents indeed an admirable point of view of China, linking her present intelligibly to her past, considering her current problems sympathetically, and suggesting the future with proper reservations of opinion. The result is that we have here a compact and well-balanced picture of China, important not so much in material as in presentation.

For Mr. Clark has not so much new material to offer on China as new things to say about what is already known. This is valuable in many ways, the chief of which is to help the average person to understand facts heard and seen but not comprehended. China's difficult history, for example, hopelessly involved, for the Western reader, in time and tradition, is here succinctly presented as the [illegible] tion for China's rising civilizatio[illegible] her extraordinary system of go[illegible] which, until modern changes tc[illegible] was perhaps equalled by no other known system for its elasticity and the measure it gave of individual freedom combined with social safety. The change which has come into China because of international relationships is well described, and not only the changes in China, but the changes in the Western peoples towards China and new relationships resulting. This change in the West is of great importance, for had it not taken place China could scarcely have hoped for the almost complete freedom she has had in the last two decades to develop her own destiny. Incidentally, by now she would have lost all independence, if not forever, at least for a time.

There are scattered throughout Mr. Clark's book interesting bits of exposition, discussions, for instance, of the relation of democracy and despotism to population, of the Chinese and Japanese feeling toward blondeness, which has long been associated in the Orient with savagery and evil, of the old Chinese government, which Mr. Clark admirably defines as "a despotism founded on morality and tempered by the moral right to revolt."

In other chapters the changes in Chinese government, economics, and foreign relations, particularly with Japan, are dealt with, and one is able to get a view if not detailed at least balanced and whole. Indeed the impressions of this book are of China, her history, her people, her government, as seen from an airplane. It is in no sense a profound book, and it frankly uses familiar material. But it is in every sense a civilized book, detached although sympathetic, well and authentically informed, and extremely intelligent. It is an invaluable book for the average person who wants to understand China better, but who has not time to delve into many volumes.

A new film based on Robert Louis Stevenson's story, "The Bottle Imp," was recently released in Berlin, while a dramatization of "Treasure Island," in three acts, is being played on thirty provincial stages throughout Germany.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Essay as Barometer

Miss Drew's essay on the essay (but is it an essay, or a historical article?) supplies a background of what the English essay has been which some of the many who have written to us about Katharine Fullerton Gerould's challenge to editors seem to lack. Three thousand words of prose certainly do not make an essay just because the style is "literary" not "journalistic," or even because the personality of the author comes through the words. General Johnson would presumably not call his recent review in this magazine an essay, and yet his unique personality was to be felt in every line. No, there is some quality of matured and leisured thought blending with personality and moulding a style which distinguishes the real essay from the article, editorial, or "piece," no matter how effective the latter, how brilliant, or how true. An essay is a vintage "cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd" mind of the writer, and not liquor, however heady, which is warm from the grape.

But the discussion so far seems to us to tread on the wrong foot. No one wants essays, quotha, no one can write them. But that is not the fault of the essay. No one today, apparently, can write poetical drama or epics. It is not the form of writing, it is the time that is out of joint. Because we live on wheels between the morning and evening newspaper, and, unlike the French who have the thing itself but no word for it, are losing our sense of the home, younger readers believe that leisured and reflective writing is out of date, incongruous, and somehow untrue. It is not such writing, it is they that are, by the necessity of the moment, untrue to one of the permanent needs of a culture worthy the name — untrue to second thought, to meditation, to the inner life. Perhaps no one can write essays in the trepidant thirties, probably not many can read them without a nervous feeling that the writer is taking his time when there is no time to take from a hurrying year in which war or revolution or a dictatorship may be declared in the next headline. And of course to the propagandists for direct action, or to the faithful who believe that Marx, Hitler, Major Douglas, or Dr. Townsend has the key to the world's enigma, the leisurely essay that assays thought without coming to final conclusions about God, the gold standard, or the economy of abundance, is anathema. They have reason on their side. No one discusses immortality on a sinking ship, or debates under a barrage the definition of aggressive warfare. But the same reason has nothing against the essay as such. As the French cling to security, and the Germans to pride, and the Americans to the right to lecture Europe from a safe distance, so all civilized humanity will wish again as it has wished in the past, reflection, self-knowledge, self-expression of the mind's deep pools as well as its rapids, and will get them when it can.

Many barometers have been set up to record the end of the world depression, among them foreign travel, the automobile index, advertising, and the strength of opposition parties in government. Our most-trusted instrument is the essay. When the sensitive needle on that dial swings from storm and stress toward calm, and men begin to think of something beside war, economics, and revolution, and to meditate once more upon happiness, morality, life (not living), and death (not by bombs, gas, or machine gun), the depression for us will have ended even if the world is still (as it has always been) a good deal of a mess.

"HAVE YOU GOT A BOOK THAT WILL FIT IN THIS BOX?"

Letters to the Editor: *From the Authors of "Partners in Plunder"*

Partners in Blunder

SIR:—Unless our view of the business bias of the press has been far too lenient it is customary when carrying two reviews of a book to select at least one reviewer who is not so obviously wedded to the system which we analyze as are both General Johnson and William O. Scroggs, who review "Partners in Plunder" in your issue of February 9th.

The reviews of these gentlemen are in a fashion strongly confirmatory of the thesis of our book, that the respectable and official elements in our business society experience something akin to apoplectic rage when the *goods* produced and distributed under a profit system are shown to lack the qualities that would naturally be sought if they were made for the rational purpose of consumption. Does General Johnson intend to range himself on the side of those alleged business men who seek a rapid turnover of goods for the sole reason that the movement of goods is profitable? We are sure he does not mean to advocate the use of deadly fruit sprays without any adequate safeguards for the lives of consumers. Did he read in "Partners in Plunder" that "some patent medicines will kill you if you take the whole box instead of just one pill"? If so, we would like to know on what page he found it. Does he believe that there should be four electric fans in every home?

Apparently General Johnson sat down to read "Partners in Plunder" to get himself "all heated up in a debate on political economy." This is highly suggestive of the dilettante enjoyment to be derived from a discussion of broad abstractions so dear to the heart of Brain Trusters and so innocuous to the defenders of a predatory business society. We are well aware of the fact that both politicians and economists find any other kind of treatment unscientific, which is one of the reasons we have been forced to speak of many "scientists" as the loyal strumpets of business enterprise.

It would fill a far larger volume than "Anthony Adverse" to multiply to a point which statisticians might call the scientific level of presentation, the manifold monstrosities of business society. If we had confined the argument of our book to a general analysis of the forces with which we deal we would have been accused of having failed to supply documentary evidence for our statements; having supplied as much of that evidence as it is possible to get within the pages of a book this size, we are now accused of having selected only such material as would suit our designs. As a matter of fact, we have at the offices of Consumers' Research 100 file cases with three drawers each, containing approximately 100,000 illustrations of precisely the kind of material we used in our book.

General Johnson's suggestion that the Postal Department might stop our book from going through the mails on the ground that an eye-witness account of a recent brutal lynching in Florida, which reveals the cruel sadism of mobs, is "salacious," is an example of the type of suppression which many Americans have come to associate with the name of General Johnson and his crack-down methods. And does General Johnson seriously believe, as he implies, that there has been only one such lynching in the history of this country? General Johnson's provocative invitation to the Post Office Department to bar our book from the mails is of a piece with his similar invitation to the vigilantes in California at the time of the San Francisco general strike, to wipe out "the subversive element" "as you clean off a chalk mark on a blackboard with a wet sponge."

The truth about many of the aspects of American life and business society is perhaps the most hated thing that comes within the purview of men like General Johnson. Less gruesome atrocities in Germany made General Johnson "sick," according to his famous speech delivered in Waterloo, Iowa; in the United States he suggests the use of governmental powers to suppress such truths regarding American civilization.

Our other eminent reviewer, Mr. Scroggs, charges that in our account of "the trial of the galoshes" in Russia we "overlook the fact that these shoddy materials have been made under a regime where the profit system does not exist." On the contrary, that is the fact to which we call special attention, the point being that under a regime where the profit system does not exist, it is usual to expose rigorously the failures of industrial production to serve the needs of consumers.

It would appear that *The Saturday Review of Literature*, in titling these two reviews "Partners in Blunder," was more accurate than it intended to be. A title, we understand, generally refers to the material which follows it, and we could not ourselves have thought of a happier description of our reviewers. Has "Crackdown" Johnson cracked up?

J. B. MATTHEWS
New York City. R. E. SHALLCROSS

Mr. Scroggs Replies

SIR:—Since the authors of "Partners in Plunder" make only a few unimportant references to my comment on their book and concentrate their attack on General Johnson, I do not wish to reply to anything they say concerning myself. But when they intimate a "bias" on the part of *The Saturday Review of Literature* in selecting two like-minded reviewers to discuss their work, instead of following the usual custom of presenting two different points of view, a word of dissent appears to be called for in fairness both to the editors and to the reviewers.

Not that it is important, but so far as I can judge for myself, and according to what others tell me, my co-reviewer and I would never have been selected by anybody to do the same sort of job. The fact that two reviewers so different in outlook, disposition, training, and experience have reached similar conclusions concerning the undesirable qualities of a book is in itself of some significance.

WILLIAM O. SCROGGS
New York City.

Libraries in the Depression

SIR:—The agitation which Miss Dorothy Homans manifests in her letter to *The Saturday Review* in regard to the use of libraries is, I am afraid, more a case of nervous indignation than righteous rebellion. The public libraries of America are well aware of the refuge that library buildings afford to the unemployed and destitute. But, as far as I know, no librarian has ever thrown out any visitor because in appearance he is either ragged, unclean, or down at the heels. The situation has simply called for greater tolerance on the part of the librarians and the readers who use the library. If the public libraries have been the good dæmon to the homeless, then so much the better; at least, be it said, they have enacted their primary role of which Miss Homans knows nothing: that the public library belongs to all people. Had it been otherwise Karl Marx would not have sat in the British Museum, nor Jim Tully in the libraries of his wanderings.

Miss Homans makes the statement that the rise of reading during the depression has been due to ignorant and blind borrowing of books. It takes a little fortitude to answer this in a kindly fashion. If Miss Homans would take the trouble to visit one of the over-crowded and over-worked branches of the New York Public Library, she would detect the fact that ninety-five out of a hundred borrowers stay in the building only long enough to choose the books they wish for their next reading.

The Public Library, alone among institutions not devoted to pure charity, has kept its doors open all during the depression, in spite of the handicap of lack of funds. The churches have refused, with only a few isolated exceptions, to allow their buildings to be used by the destitute and hungry. If the Libraries have, in some measure, helped to make existence bearable for the vast horde of undertow Americans who have lost their bearings, they have done well.

Sooner or later, such types of American humanity shall be taken in charge by the State. But until our governments do something for them, the librarian must be patient. And in the four years of the depression, I have heard only two complaints from students and readers who object to the presence of such broken-down humanity. After all, the world is a better thing than books. And when the world goes awry it is better to sacrifice books a little in order that misery does not entirely blot out human spirits. Perhaps Miss Homans had not thought of this.

CARL BOHNENBERGER,
Assistant Librarian.
Jacksonville Public Library,
Jacksonville, Fla.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE PRIMROSE PATH. By OGDEN NASH. *Simon & Schuster.* Verse with a punch.

UNROLLING THE MAP. By LEONARD OUTHWAITE. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* The story of exploration.

THE HARSH VOICE. By REBECCA WEST. *Doubleday, Doran.* Four long short stories.

This Less Recent Book:

THE OLD DARK HOUSE. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Harpers.* A good mystery tale.

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The Wisest Man of His Time

Montaigne Brought to Life in Two Translations

REVIEWED BY J. BOORSCH

THE ESSAYS OF MONTAIGNE. Translated by Jacob Zeitlin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $3.50.

PROFESSOR ZEITLIN, of the University of Illinois, has published the first volume of a new translation of Montaigne's "Essays" which has many chances to become, for a long time at least, the standard English translation of that important book.

Opposing the prevalent opinion about the excellence of Florio's version, which it must be admitted is too much tainted with euphuism, Mr. Zeitlin has given deserved praise to that of Cotton (1685), revised in the nineteenth century by W. C. Hazlitt, which is simpler, more elegant, and more correct. It is upon the latter that he has relied, he tells us, with the intention of retaining as much as possible of Cotton's phraseology and movement, while making the sense conform closely to the original French.

It cannot be denied that this new translation decidedly improves upon its predecessors. The text is that of the Bordeaux copy (a copy of the 1588 edition with the additions in Montaigne's own hand) and, as in the French edition known as the "Municipal," a simple and convenient typographical device permits the reader to distinguish at a glance the texts of 1580, of 1588, and the subsequent corrections. This arrangement greatly facilitates the full comprehension of the author's thought. And this English version has very substantial qualities. It is first of all accurate. The word order has been better respected than in the Cotton-Hazlitt rendering; the metaphors and word pictures, which contribute so much to the charm of Montaigne's style, are more carefully preserved and in most cases felicitously reproduced. It is also remarkably clear. Montaigne's sentences are at times so condensed that the meaning can be obscure. An explanatory word introduced here and there magically dissipates that obscurity and yet the translation never falls into paraphrases, for rarely does it cease to be concise. Finally Mr. Zeitlin has eliminated many misconstructions in his predecessors which distort the sense and of which even a desultory search finds an astonishing number. So that, though it has its imperfections—what translation is perfect?—Mr. Zeitlin's translation restores to us in modern and precise English the outline and the very subtleties of Montaigne's thought.

But the interest of the book does not lie only in the translation. Besides abundant notes at the end of the volume we find a long introduction which raises many questions. The prefatory matter includes first a biography giving the various incidents in Montaigne's life: his education, his career as a magistrate, his friendship with La Boetie, his translation of Raymond Sebonde's treatise, his travels, his public offices, his retirement. All this forms a sober account based upon the latest investigations. There follows a sort of intellectual biography which introduces Montaigne himself. Mr. Zeitlin, with perhaps excessive timidity, has indicated the fleeting and indiscernible traits of this elusive personality, its slight contradictions and imperceptible deviations of evidence. He has also stressed that "many-sidedness" of Montaigne's genius, a factor that has led to most divergent conclusions, certain critics seeing in the "Essays" "the antithesis of the modern credo," others discovering therein "the seeds of nearly every modern philosophy," and which has often justified contradictory interpretations, some classing Montaigne with the Epicureans, others placing him among the Skeptics.

On the question of the political ideas in the "Essays," Mr. Zeitlin has adopted the current opinion about what is termed Montaigne's "conservatism." This word "conservatism" seems to me misleading. The lax use of the word can be the source of serious misconceptions. For instance, Mr. Zeitlin has some difficulty in understanding Montaigne's political attitude. It seems to him that such "political conservatism strikes so strangely athwart the intellectual liberalism of the 'Essays.'" There is nothing strange in all this. Montaigne's political creed is a simple one: political organisms, he thinks, are too complicated and institutions have but a relative value; therefore we should be on our guard against our natural tendency to reform society on paper. This is perfectly in keeping with that intellectual prudence which is one of his distinctive qualities.

There is another question upon which Mr. Zeitlin has touched but lightly here and there and which, however, cannot be evaded. What is the relevance of Montaigne to the modern world? What can he teach us? He certainly has no doctrine to offer, for he never servilely submitted to any dogma. And yet he has many lessons for us. He offers the inspiriting spectacle of an intelligence which by untiring effort strives to know itself; he reaffirms by his example—a reaffirmation particularly necessary at the present time—that lucidity remains the greatest of virtues and that only spiritual things matter. He encourages our belief in mental freedom, which has never been more disregarded than now, when social, political, and national passions tend to enslave us. He recommends a moral attitude which implies a continual watch over our thought in order to observe ourselves better, to master our wills and to submit only to reason. Montaigne's regard for human limitations, and his care to adopt only an ideal within our reach, make his wisdom both attractive and comforting. And finally, in this age in which intellectual formation must necessarily be specialized, we should not lose sight of his views on the cultivation of the mind, on the fundamental necessity of the development of judgment, of a strengthening and limbering of the mind before stuffing it with indigestible facts that have no cultural value and are besides ephemeral. There is hardly any question which Montaigne does not help to clear up by his lucidity, his love of truth, and his intellectual honesty. Were it only because Mr. Zeitlin, in this excellent edition, has made accessible to the English-speaking public one of the truly universal French minds, he should deserve our gratitude.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE. By Marvin Lowenthal. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $3.50.

HARDLY has Mr. Zeitlin's translation of the "Essays" been published before we are offered another book, in the form of a would-be autobiography, on the most fascinating philosopher of modern times. The undertaking is assuredly interesting.

After an Introduction, in which he recalls the known facts of his hero's existence, Mr. Lowenthal effaces himself and lets Montaigne "retell his life story." That is to say, he takes a pair of scissors, clips out all the passages in the "Essays," in the "Journey," in the "Letters," which have some biographical value, and piecing them together (with a good deal of padding) he obtains a continuous narrative, from which, we are told, must result a portrait of the man.

Such an idea is in itself excellent, and new. But, it is full of stumbling blocks, which this biographer of a new sort has not completely escaped. Mr. Lowenthal has grouped his extracts in thirty-four chapters, attempting to follow the chronological sequence of the events in Montaigne's life. But, in order to obtain what he calls a "flowing whole," he has often brought together texts of different origins, and—when dates are such an important element for the right comprehension of Montaigne's thought—belonging to widely separated periods. On the other hand, he has ruthlessly broken up passages the true meaning of which rests upon their close connection with the other parts of the chapter. After such treatment it is easy to affirm that "the legend, the enigma, and most of the contradictions will vanish." But unfortunately, it is at the expense of accuracy and truth.

It would perhaps have been wiser to abandon the idea of presenting a continuous relation, and to have contented oneself with a judicious arrangement of the texts, giving each time the source of the passage. Thus, readers who are familiar with Montaigne would easily find their bearings, and the danger of distorting the author's meaning would have been avoided. It would also have been a happy thought to take more often into consideration what Montaigne's contemporaries saw in him, and how they judged his deeds. I know that Mr. Lowenthal believes with the author of the "Essays" that the true life of a man is not found in his deeds, and that what matters is "not what he did but what he was." I am not sure that such an idea can be accepted without reserve. Too many authors of so-called "confessions" have looked complacently upon their intentions as a sufficient excuse for a sometimes disgraceful conduct. It is not at all certain that such was the case with Montaigne, but caution in such matters is particularly advisable.

Mr. Lowenthal's book is easy and pleasant reading. Those who know Montaigne well may enjoy meeting him here again. As to those who are not already familiar with the French essayist, let us hope that they will find in this experiment in autobiography an incentive to extend their acquaintanceship.

Shipwrecked in the Forest

(*Continued from first page*)

man, regarding manual labor as beneath him and contemptuous at first of the shabby wrecks of humanity he is compelled to work with.

It is only after the jungle has revealed to him his own weaknesses—spiritual as well as physical—and others' strengths, that he begins to see his companions with other eyes. But happily for the story's verisimilitude, Alberto remains a rather soft and pernickety youth throughout.

At the period of the story, the slump in Amazon rubber had come, and there is pinching and retrenchment all along the line. The tappers, distributed in twos or threes over the indefinite territory controlled by the owner, are so many shipwrecked sailors marooned on desert islands. They go back and forth on jungle trails between their remote shacks and the company warehouses on the river's bank, unable to escape—for the endless jungle shuts them in on every side—and all but unable ever to work out their freedom. Alberto might have stuck there forever had not a lucky chance taken him off rubber-tapping and into a clerkship at the company's station.

From the jacket design of "Jungle."

But all this, which may sound a bit dismal, is but the book's framework. Its real significance lies, of course, in the author's sensitiveness to that appalling wilderness of water and vegetable life, in Alberto's little day-to-day adventures, and what the jungle did to him as a man.

Victory at St. Helena

THE PINNACLE OF GLORY. By Wilson Wright. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

TOYNBEE has recently pointed out that when historical data become embarrassingly plentiful, fiction is the only convenient method of dealing with them. The data about Napoleon's exile on St. Helena approach that degree of fulness. Everyone at Longwood, almost everyone at St. Helena, afterwards told what he remembered or imagined about the emperor's last years. No detail of the petty round of squabbles, intrigues, and indignities was too trivial to escape print. By the presence of the defeated emperor the daily lives of a tiny household of exiles and the gossip of a minor naval sta-

From Boris Artzybasheff's jacket design for "The Pinnacle of Glory."

tion were invested with world importance and more has been written about six years of life on St. Helena than about the whole history of some European nations. In spite of the modesty of his preface, Mr. Wilson Wright has picked his way through this jungle of testimony with skill and d cretion, and though the "Pinnacle Glory" can only be described as fic it seems to come as close to the essent truth about St. Helena as we are ever likely to get. The lay reader who has no time for ploughing through masses of reminiscence and no taste for balancing footnotes will find in it a clear, shrewd, and unsentimentalized picture of the most discussed captivity in history.

It is something of an achievement to blow away the mists of melodrama and legend that have clung about Longwood for more than a century, to see its distinguished prisoner as neither an ogre nor a martyr, and his jailer, as not a scheming villain nor a brutal turnkey, but a timorous, stupid, harried man fumbling with a responsibility too great for him. Mr. Wright has not only succeeded admirably with Napoleon and with Sir Hudson Lowe but with an incisive economy of effort he has brought most of the minor figures in the drama, Gongraud, Bertrand, de Montholon, Cockburn, Malcolm, and the rest into clear perspective. It is possible in his pages to follow the resulting story with an inner conviction that things must have been very much like this and with an interest as fresh as if every detail had not been staled by repetition.

Without apparent emphasis Mr. Wright succeeds also in what was perhaps the most difficult part of his task. Although he never shifts his focus from events on the island he makes the reader feel that the significance of these events lies in their effect as the distorted accounts of them trickled out to Europe. It is the story, really, of Napoleon's last campaign. In the series of petty squabbles and intrigues, the emperor was consciously creating the legend of his martyrdom. People were to forget Moscow and Waterloo, and remember only the Prometheus of the revolution chained on his barren rock in the south Atlantic while the vultures of reaction preyed on his liver. Apparently defeated at the point of conflict, Napoleon was devastatingly successful in the wider field of action. The Napoleonic legend which was to convulse Europe for half a century was the work of those six mean years. St. Helena was perhaps Napoleon's greatest victory, the real pinnacle of his glory.

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Life Began at 640

(*Continued from first page*)

tainly was to a curiously superficial reality. It is doubtless true that enlisting against his parents' wishes showed not only an adventurous spirit but a desire for something different, if not better, than his circumscribed life on Fifth Avenue, Newport, and the *North Star*;—it was vastly to his credit—an atavistic flashback perhaps to the vigorous outlook of his great-grandfather, the old "Commodore"; but it is questionable whether to one handicapped by his early environment as the author undoubtedly was, his new world was any more real than the old one had been. The superficiality of his judgments and the doubtful accuracy of many of his statements would indicate that it was not, but superficiality is perhaps to be expected from one who has "lived in every country of Europe, in Mexico, in Canada, in every corner of the United States," and "has known earls, emperors, millionaires and multi-millionaires, prelates and presidents," who "has motored half a million miles," including forty-five trips across the United States (several via Reno), and has decided that America prior to 1931 was bound straight for Hades, only to be miraculously saved by Franklin Roosevelt. He may be right about it. He is certainly right in his contention that the Roosevelt Highway is more representative of America than Fifth Avenue. One does not question his sincerity, but if his general conclusions are no sounder than those relating to his own social class they may be readily dismissed. The society in which he was brought up may have been as foolish, dull, selfish, and pretentious as he depicts it; but the reader is at once struck by the author's delusion that the framework of New York Society in which he figured remained unshaken until the last election.

He uses the title "Farewell to Fifth Avenue" as indicating that what smashed the reign of the older social leaders of New York and Newport was the economic cataclysm of the depression and the fear of bloody "revolution." It is perhaps natural that he should suppose that the social world of Fifth Avenue continued—even after he had left it—to have the importance he had been brought up to believe it to have. But it argues an extraordinary obtuseness and ignorance upon his part. Perhaps the taint was still on him. It may be yet. At any rate it will probably surprise this thirty-seven year old pseudo-social-historian to be told that what he calls "the break up" of Fifth Avenue Society, instead of occurring in 1931, began about the year he was born (1898) and had been pretty well completed before the World War. As a Vanderbilt he may object to the statement that the feudal structure of New York Society really ended with Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Ogden Mills and that what went on thereafter was but an empty shell. It was not any economic depression that decapitated the Crowned Heads, but the boredom of a younger generation with heavy dinners and heavier conversation, gold plate, calling cards, and tall hats. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish had led the revolt in the latter years of the last century with her court jester — Harry Lehr. The young folks carried it on. They positively refused to be bored or dictated to any longer. Even more important was the horde of new industrial millionaires who sprang up during the next decade and, unfettered by the old conventions, gave bigger, better, and jollier parties than had taken place before. Competition was too strong. Southampton became gayer than Newport. Society had grown too large to remain exclusive. Instead of one or, at most, two or three "royal courts" there were fifteen or twenty. Chaperonage was rapidly vanishing, largely due to the motor. By 1913 New York had capitulated to the industrial rich just as the older Knickerbocker Society had been crashed by the "Silver Gilts" in the seventies and eighties. The circle had come round again. Park Avenue had said farewell to Fifth Avenue and Fifth Avenue had no alternative but to pull in its skirts and look haughty, which was well enough for the fathers and mothers, but the children went and played on Park.

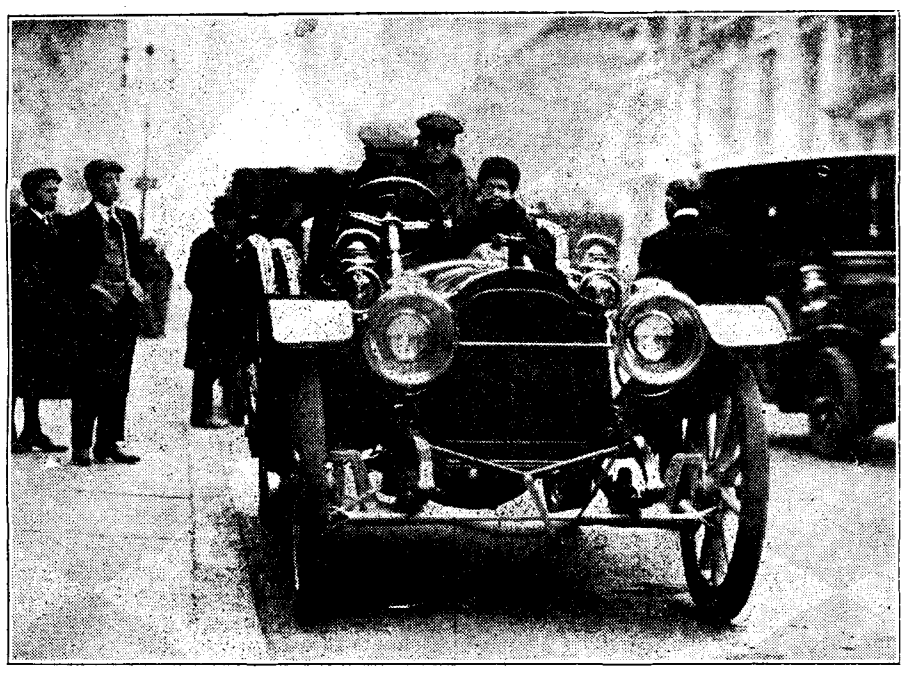
Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as New York Society any longer. The Fifth Avenue which Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., describes as breaking up in 1931 had dissolved a generation before—only he does not know it. In spite of its wealth and its European entanglements it had been essentially a bourgeois society with the virtues of the bourgeoisie—composed of kindly, rather dull people, who wished above all things to be respectable and who, with minor exceptions, were so.

All of which is merely by way of prelude to saying that Mr. Vanderbilt's two lists, one of the 75 who form the "backbone of American Society" and the other of the 150 "in the outer fringe" who are "invited in after dinner," are utter nonsense. God knows where he got them. Certainly not from his mother's secretary. He has, in fact, sadly mixed the "Musts" and the "Mays" even from the point of view of 640 Fifth Avenue.

How the ghosts of the Knickerbockers must laugh! Has he forgotten that there were once "Four Hundred" whom no less an authority than the great Mr. Ward McAllister decreed as eligible for Mrs. Astor's exclusive lists? And now Mr. Vanderbilt, Jr., cuts it to 225 on the very outside! It certainly goes to show how Fifth Avenue Society had already shrivelled by 1929!

I can imagine a few soreheads but I cannot believe that the socially libelled will feel very badly about it. One can joyously forgive Mr. Vanderbilt, Jr., for being "a traitor to his class"—a phrase in which he only too ostentatiously glories—but it is harder to forgive his disloyalty to his parents. It is distinctly what used to be known in newspaper parlance as "a mean write-up."

With these qualifications Mr. Vanderbilt's hot-headed autobiography, if not taken seriously, makes lively and often entertaining reading.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., IS TAKEN FOR A RIDE

The author as a boy, shown with his father, General Cornelius Vanderbilt. Brown Bros. photo, from "Farewell to Fifth Avenue."

A Story of Disillusion

FORGIVE ADAM. By Michael Foster. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THERE is something extraordinarily satisfactory about the writing of "Forgive Adam." Mr. Foster's masculine, unadorned prose is the prose of a born writer and a born observer. Moreover, it is that of a writer who has thought and worked over his craft. He can strike off, in a sharp detail or two, a whole reality that will submerge the reader in its sound and smell, and light or darkness. He is one of the rare writers who could dispense with the necessity of a "plot," who should, perhaps, follow some deep and organic unfolding of character and life, and not bother about the careful plotting of a story. For the intrigue and excitement of "Forgive Adam" lie upon it with the extraneous glitter of oil upon a pool. What is really interesting is Mr. Foster's understanding of human beings, and the simple, pitying depth of his feeling for their suffering and their weakness. We are more interested in the consciousness of Anton Corneil, the principal character of the book, than in the actual facts of the melodrama in which he becomes involved.

Anton Corneil is a character peculiarly adapted to reveal Mr. Foster's sense of life. He had been a more than ordinarily sensitive boy, who, frightened by the world's "careless brutalities," had learned "to pretend that he was callous and indifferent and courageous as the rest of men." He is a tired, disillusioned newspaper man, and life in all its sordidness passes before his eyes. His wife has left him, and he is going through a personal unhappiness which gives him acute insight into the sufferings of other people. He has feeling, beneath his defensive armor of light, bitter mockery, but frustration paralyzes him, leaving him powerless to help himself or anyone else. We are given glimpses of his past life which make us wish to know more about him, and leave us feeling that the book is merely a sketch of the biographical novel it might have been.

Mr. Foster has a trace of the human pity and understanding of the Russians. This is not to say that we feel he has been influenced by Dostoievsky, when certain pages of "Forgive Adam" bring Dostoievsky to our minds. It is simply to recognize that Mr. Foster has a remote but innate kinship with the nineteenth century Russian writers. The book is actually singularly free, in its style, from "influences," for the author's phrases are struck fresh from his own mint. His dialogue has an individual ring, and most of the characters are real enough to possess the unpredictability of live beings. Certain figures, who are overdrawn in their hypocrisy and wickedness, owe their creation simply to the necessities of the plot, and increase our sense of its hollowness. These actual movers of the story seem, curiously, more irrelevant than some others whose quiet existence influences nobody.

Two Authors in Search of a Character

CAST DOWN THE LAUREL. By Arnold Gingrich. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

THIS is a novel within a novel. In the first part, "Prelude to a Romance," the author supplies notes for a book of fiction to be written by his fictitious friend, Wakefield Speare. These notes consist of biographical material and sketches of the members of a musical colony in a small Michigan city. Part II, "Apollo's Young Widow," is the novel Wakefield Speare writes. This is followed by "Postlude to a Romance," in which the original author takes "Apollo's Young Widow" apart and shows how the fiction has cheapened and falsified the reality.

This may sound complicated; the book is, however, highly entertaining. And although some readers may find the character sketches of the first part a monotonous way of beginning a story, the story itself is a good one. It involves Telec, an Austrian pianist who has abandoned a meteoric career at its height, to bury himself in the Michigan city where he establishes a music school. The reason is that he is a perfectionist: beautifully as he plays, he can never play the music exactly as it sounds in his head. Under his influence comes Chalice, a local child prodigy, who grows up to share Telec's "occupational disease" of perfectionism, to become another mute inglorious Milton of the keyboard, and, incidentally, to fall in love with him. Other characters are Telec's wife, who guards the shrine without requition, and the various students, teachers, and hangers-on who make a Sanger's Circus of the place, and keep the reader amused.

The central theme is, of course, the personality and character of Telec, the attempt to analyze what it is that constitutes his kind of genius. Usually when a novelist attempts to create a genius, the qualities of genius have to be assumed by the indulgent reader. Mr. Gingrich does better than that, but he does it at the expense of his novel. Most of his space is devoted to showing how *not* to do it; this seems to be the point of inserting "Wakefield Speare's" novel, which comes in for a good deal of deservedly adverse criticism in the Postlude. For "Apollo's Young Widow" is a melodramatic distortion of the material, very slick and readable, but definitely bad from any other point of view. Mr. Gingrich somewhat disarms criticism by making all the criticisms himself, but he leaves one with the feeling that he has, after all, only been setting up elaborate ten-pins to knock down. In fact, the whole thing seems to be about as ingenious an arrangement of plus and minus quantities as ever added up to zero.

But it is ingenious. It's clever, it keeps moving, it's worth reading because it's amusing. And one does get, in the characters, at least part of what Mr. Gingrich is driving at. But one might have got considerably more if he had put it across as a novelist and not as a combined novelist and literary critic.

"Wump"

Or First Aid for the Hostess

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

WHEN we first evolved Wump, we called it The Dictionary Game. We now play it in the following way, using either the Concise or the Shorter Oxford Dictionary. One player reads out, let us say, this entry from the Concise Dictionary:

> Wump, noun, heavy, partly carnivorous thick furred plantigrade quadruped: rough, unmannerly person, whence Wumpish, Wumpishness; Great, Little, Wump, northern constellations; Stock Exchange speculator for a fall, one who sells stock for future delivery hoping to buy it cheap meanwhile and therefore tries to bring prices down. Cf. bull and see foll:—Wumps-breach, acanthus; Wumps-foot, kinds of hellibore; Wump garden, scene of tumult, Wumps-grease, pomade; Wumpskin, Guard's tall furry cap; Wump-leader, travelling tutor.

This definition is from the Concise Dictionary. Had the Shorter Dictionary been used the players would have had derivations, quotations, dates, and a host of "figs.," and transferred derivative meanings, to help them to discover that in this particular case the mystic word Wump stands for Bear. This is a fireside game, and any number of people (children or grown-ups) can play. The reader in choosing what definitions to read must judge the mental age of the players and not choose words that are too easy or too difficult. He must also be quick in translating the dictionary abbreviations. When he has chosen a word and begins to read the definition, of course he substitutes Wump each time the word appears, modifying it in the same way as the real word —Wumping—Wumped, etc.

The other players have to guess what Wump stands for, and each player scores by the number of words he guesses right. As soon as any player thinks he knows

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what the word is he puts up his hand, but the reader goes on to the end unless all have their hands up before he has finished. If a hasty player guesses wrong, he does not score. The reader only scores if no one can guess the word, in which case he scores as many points as there are players. But, and this is important, if anyone among the players has never heard the word before, the reader is considered to have chosen too difficult a word and no one scores at all for that round.

Some very simple words are excellent, even for the most sophisticated players, because they have obsolete or unusual meanings as well as the current ones which throw players off the scent. Take the following for example; it is from the Shorter Dictionary:

> *Wump.* (substantive) Middle English, Old Northern French. (1) a basket (originally made of rushes) especially for carrying or catching fish. Now dialect. (2) a cream cheese or the like (originally made in a rush basket or served on a rush mat); now a dish consisting of curds sweetened and flavoured, served with a layer of scalded cream on the top (1460). (3) any dainty sweetmeat, cake or confection; a kickshaw (1764). (4) a feast or banquet; also (now only in the United States) an outing at which eating and drinking are prominent; a picnic party (1530).
>
> "With these Wumps and feasts they joyned the celebration of the Lord's Supper (Vines)." *Wump* (verb) (1555). (1) to hold a banquet or feast; to make merry with good cheer; also (chiefly United States) to go on a pleasure excursion. (2) (transferred) to entertain, feast. H. Walpole. "The Chancellor had intended to go Wumping on the Rhine." Greville.

The dictionary has more to say, but this is perhaps enough for the present reader of this article. Has he perhaps by now guessed that the word is "junket"?

The Concise Dictionary has many pleasant short definitions suitable for young players, the only drawback being that here there are no illustrative quotations.

> *Wump.* (noun) a snake-like fish; (figurative) slippery creature; (popular) minute animal found in vinegar or sour paste; Wumpbuck: Wumpspear (for transfixing Wumps; hence Wumpy).

This word is of course fairly obviously "eel" and would be too easy for experienced players. But the rule against "hard" or very exotic words is most essential if the reader of the Shorter Dictionary is to be kept in check. All sorts of temptations abound. "Duppy"—a West Indian ghost, for instance, has too short a definition to afford any sport. "Flanch" is rather difficult and rather dull. "Obstupefy" is attractive, but must be avoided in most companies. So must "Loxodromic" (art of oblique sailing). The reader must remember that his duty is to show sport to the company as well as to score.

The writer can testify that Wump has beguiled many evenings in most worried circles. Once recently it came to the rescue when an extremely distinguished company had quarreled sharply on the subject of whether or not they were sick to death of Princess Marina's wedding. Conversation had died into an awful silence, but Wump (new to all but one) effectually rescued the evening.

The BOWLING GREEN

XVII. Glimpses

IN a window in the Chrysler Building on Lexington Avenue is an aerial photograph of Misti, the sacred mountain at Arequipa. It isn't explained or identified in any way, but I'm sure it's the beautiful snow-tipped cone of Misti—which I haven't seen but of which one hears so much; it comes to be a symbol of all that is most beautiful in Peru. The nearest I got to Misti was a little garden café called La Mistiana, in a suburb of Lima. It is so named with intent; this is a *picantería,* specializing in sharp sauces and dishes à la Arequipeña. You eat in trellised and vine-grown summerhouses; there is a booth with guitar and piano for dancing; while waiting for the meal you play *sapo.* Sapo means toad: you try to toss brass disks into the mouth of a big bronze toad; missing the mark there are also various numbered pockets into which the counter may fall. Dr. José Galvez, poet and novelist, wrote down for me the names of the dishes. Most important was *chicha,* a kind of beer brewed from *maiz* (corn); the great national drink of Peru. It is served in very large glasses and tastes not unlike cider. (*Chicha y sapo* is the Peruvian equivalent for "beer and skittles.") The first dish was *choclo con queso*—corn on the cob with cheese. *Ocopa* was potatoes with a very strong pungent sauce. Then *Locro con arroz. Arroz* is rice; *locro,* an Inca specialty, is potatoes and pumpkins with peppers. I see *chupe à la arequipeña* noted: was *chupe* another of those incredibly nipping condiments? *Anticuchos* were hearts on a skewer, a platter almost alarmingly carnal. All these dishes, Dr. Galvez explained, were genuine Inca tradition; it was an *almuerzo archeologico.* I yearned to say, thinking of Don Marquis, that we were a little group of Serious Incas, but feared the allusion would not carry.

⁂ ⁂

Past the impressive statue of Manco Capac (last king of the Incas), through fields of corn and cotton, along a fine new toll-road toward the mountains, then you turn off over rough gullies and a rickety trestle to the ruins of Cajamarquilla. The car splashes through a stream where castor oil bushes grow: these are pointed out to the niñas as a thrill of sentiment. The fog-bank of Lima is far behind; we are in a blaze of clear sun, air that tastes like the uplands of Burgundy. Row on row of huge brown hills, sharply profiled in the strong light, spread out in echelon each side the valley, like wings of scenery on a stage.

In a daze of empty curiosity you wander the maze of broken mud walls and mounds. Mr. L. P., the sagacious guide, takes post on a commanding summit lest any of his charges fall through into an unsuspected pit. The friable soil, dry and treacherous, is honeycombed with deep graves and grained with specks of gold. The niñas, collecting this sparkling sand in matchboxes, believe their fortune is made. In the open burial chambers are shreds of mummy-cloth, figured cheeks of pottery, bones everywhere. The leg bones, desiccated flesh and sinew still adhering, are bent; the dead were set upright with knees tucked under chin. A sandy shelf above the old river bed is scattered with skulls and thighs. Under that antiseptic flood of sunlight, on the sandy bottom of an ocean of elapse, any sense of sacrilege is cauterized. I took two excellent teeth from an Inca jawbone as a curiosity for my dentist. But Newton's Third Law still operates: for now he tells me I have to lose two of my own.

⁂ ⁂

Another Inca city, even more impressive, is Pachacamac, south of Lima. Through Miraflores, *pintoresco pueblecito*

THRESHING, BY CAMILO BLAS

with its lovely gardens and bougainvillias, through Chorrillos with its bold hill El Morro (*Morro* seems to mean much the same as Golgotha: a place shaped like a skull; a name of ill omen), then you pass among wide flat fields, steep sand dunes inland and the ocean surf bursting high on the right. The road, clayey and greasy, had a *patina* on it, said the driver; there was a constant impulse to beg him to drive *despacio.* An excellent word which you will need: it means dispassionately.

Pachacamac is also a space of brown desolation; on a hilltop above a river valley is a relic of old sanctity, the Temple of the Sun. Here Pizarro and his high pressure salesmen violated the innermost shrine for its jewels. At the top of a great flight of stone steps some humorist had placed a sardonic skull; but skulls and skeletons are commonplace by this time. Here are not just adobe walls but blocks of well cut stone, still showing patterns in red pigment. Under the brow of the hill, facing the sea, are a row of smoke blackened niches, where torches burned as light for Inca seamen. From below comes the even vibration of the huge Pacific surf, beating dull in the ears like the metronome of Time itself. Then, as you grope about in this wreckage of an unimaginable world, another steady pulse from overhead: the southbound Panagra plane.

⁂ ⁂

Taking tea at Chorrillos with Peruvian friends. Our kind hostess spoke no English but we filled in gaps of conversation by admiring her baby. He is only a small infant, she said, courteously deprecating our homage. I got half way through a reply but stuck there. I wished to say that in Northamerica we say of every male child, some day he may be President.

HUANCA WOMEN SPINNING, BY JOSÉ SABOGAL

THE MANTLE, BY JULIA CODESIDO

"Today he is very small," I remarked, "but . . ." Then I was stumped for the future subjunctive of the verb, *Hoy está chiquito,* I said, *perro . . .* and kept repeating the *perro,* gesturing at the infant and trying to hold the mother's attention while I searched for the rest of my idiotic sentence. *Perro,* I reiterated, gazing earnestly on the babe in arms; and saw her handsome eyes darken with trouble. Her husband screamed with mirth and came to our rescue. The word for *but* is *pero; perro* means *dog.*

⁂ ⁂

Lima is not Peru, they keep telling you; you are constantly reproached for seeing nothing else; but the traveler could spend a busy month in the City of Kings and not exhaust its riches. I dare not even attempt to describe places like the monastery of San Francisco (which is not easy to get into) with its beautiful two-storey cloister, its crypts and old bell-towers cracked by earthquake. A young colored monk in a brown robe, with all the smiling kindness of his race, took me through [illegible] vellous old building; if I could hav[illegible] his genealogy I should know mo[illegible] history of South America. Nowhe[illegible] Northern continent, and rarely in Europe, have I seen so impressive a relic of ancient pieties; been so aware of an atmosphere that denies the standards of life outside. I wondered if there were some disdainful symbolism in the great monkey-face knockers on the doors of the church. Did some old abbot wish to confront the intrusive world with the image of its own chattering face?

Homage to Lima, however imperfect, must mention the notable work being done at the quiet School of Fine Arts where José Sabogal is director. He and his pupils Julia Codesido and Camilo Blas are leading Peruvian painters back toward their native material; who see thrilling decorative pattern in their own landscapes and customs. Sabogal showed me one of his own paintings in which three blanketed Indian women, spinning as they walked, had fallen into an unconscious dance pattern of perfect balanced flow. One of Julia Codesido's canvases, an Indian nude, suggests in the sullen brooding face and full fecund body something of the soul of the land. The more minutely studied pictures by the brilliant young Camilo Blas, showing country tasks and festivals, are of remarkable humor and charm. His is a brush destined for great things. Señor Sabogal, to whom Carleton Beals has paid well-deserved tribute in *Fire on the Andes,* deals in powerful and sweeping effects; broad, even impatient, suggestion. Like all fine teachers he has encouraged his pupils to develop their own technique, and where they surpass him in skill none is more pleased than he. Sabogal studied in Spain and France; he was also in Mexico during the early days of her great painters' renaissance a dozen years ago; he likes to remember that Mexico and Peru have had parallel history in many ways. The canvasses he showed me prophesy a new Peruvian feeling both strong and subtle, and proudly its own. I wish the Grace Line would bring up a roomful of these paintings and put them on show in New York.

(*Concluded next week*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Mostly in Memoriam

A LETTER FROM DUBLIN BY MARY MANNING

THE dear dirty face of Georgian Dublin is changing rapidly—almost while you wait. Red brick dwellings spring up overnight, all the way between Dublin and Bray, while the suburbs on the North Side extend as far as Malahide and Howth, indeed "bungaloids" are sprawling half way up the Dublin mountains. At the same time new roads are being constructed, and streets are being widened, for it seems that in spite of the rapidly increasing bus services the population is still going up! Some of the worst slum streets have been demolished and workmen's flats erected in their place and at night Anna-Liffey reflects a myriad electric signs. It's all very splendid and progressive but one must drop an illogical tear in passing for old landmarks which have been swept away in this wave of progress. The Theatre Royal, for instance, has gone to make way for a vast new movie palace and how many sad ghosts must have watched that demolishment—shades of the great actors and actresses who trod these boards from time to time—Helen Faucit as "Desdemona," Mary Anderson as "Galatea," Henry Irving in "The Bells," a young man called Du Maurier who made his debut there in "Trilby," Barry's "Falstaff," Ellen Terry's radiant "Juliet."

The Royal has gone, but there is worse to come: Merrion Square is the next on the condemned list. The site has been acquired for the erection of a Roman Catholic cathedral, so the heart, the soul, the pulse of Dublin must go next year, maybe the following year. An architect is already at work on the plans. The most perfect Georgian Square in Europe must go. As George Moore wrote some years ago of the Irish attitude to Art—"Nobody cares. That's what depresses me, nobody cares."

Talking of Art the Irish Academy of Letters seems to have wakened out of its long sleep. Yes, that old-young institution, the theme song of which should be: "Rest your head, darling, darling," has held a meeting, eaten a dinner, presented three awards, and probably gone to sleep again ere these words were written. The awards were—the O'Growney Prize for the best work in Gaelic to Maurice O'Sullivan for his "Twenty Years A-Growing"; the Harmsworth Prize for the best piece of imaginative prose to Lord Dunsany for his "Curse of the Wise Woman," and the Casement Prize for the best play produced during 1933 to Brinsley Macnamara for his tragedy "Margaret Gillan." Apart from this burst of activity the Academy has not spent a busy year. From January 1934 to November of the same year only eighteen books by academicians have been published and of those only ten consist of new work. Forrest Reid and L. A. G. Strong produced a novel apiece—"Brian Westby" and "Corporal Tune." Padraic Colum contributed a book of essays, "The Big Tree of Bunlahy." James Joyce obliged with "The Mime of Mick, Nick and the Maggies," which is another instalment from "Work in Progress." Dr. Walter Starkie has just added an excellent sequel to his "Raggle Taggle" called "Raggle Taggle in Spain." Sean O'Faolain produced "Constance Markievetcz or The Average Revolutionary." As for the poets they have been given over completely to the lotus. There has been no sign from them except Æ's "The House of Titans." Helen Waddell to be sure has given us her charming "Beasts and Saints," which is a translation, and Francis Stuart obliged with "Notes for an Autobiography."

But Irish authors outside the Academy of Letters have been in fine form. There was Samuel Beckett's sprightly collection of short stories, "More Pricks than Kicks," lately banned by the Irish censors; "Stand and Give Challenge," a first novel by Francis Macmanus, which has turned out to be a best seller; Kate O'Brien's novel "The Ante-Room," far the best thing this graceful author has done; Joseph O'Neill's first novel, "Wind from the North"; George Birmingham's excellent book of memoirs, and a positive avalanche of young poets—Lyle Donaghy, Irene Haugh, Niall Sheridan, Donogh MacDonogh, and Blainaid Salkeld. Robin Flower has given us Tomas O'Crobhan's "Island Man," and Tom O'Flaherty, brother of the great Liam, a book of short stories about "The Aran Islands," Desmond Ryan memories of Dublin in "the troubles," "Remembering Sion," and Denis Gwynn a life of the O'Gorman Mahon. I hear Peader O'Donnell's new novel, "The Edge of the Stream," is out and has been well received, and Lady Longford has just completed a new novel rejoicing in the title of "Printed Cotton." Moya Llewlyn Davies, co-translator of the English version of "Twenty Years A-Growing," is at work on another translation, so things may be brighter in 1935 than in 1934. Ironically enough most of the literary activity has been centered outside the Academy.

The Dublin Gate Theatre opened its ninth season with a brilliant production of "Julius Cæsar" which ran four crowded weeks of glorious life and could have run for as many more. The company is considerably improved by the acquisition of two new actors, Mr. James Mason and Mr. David Gill, and an actress of charm and distinction, Miss Eileen Ashe. Their second production, "The Provoked Wife," Sir John Vanburgh's Restoration comedy, was another triumph and the latest play, "The Drunkard," is packing the theatre to capacity. *Motley*, the Gate Theatre magazine, has ceased to function while the Editor is in the United States, but the theatre has just brought out "The Gate Book," a history of the theatre with numerous illustrations and articles and designs by Michael Mac Laimmoir, the Earl of Longford, and Denis Johnston. Hilton Edwards, our director, is now pretty generally conceded to be one of the best of the younger theatre directors in Europe and I am afraid there is every reason to fear he will be snatched from us for some bigger theatre. The Gate company is toying with the idea of an American tour.

Dublin was quite stirred up by the news that the Irish P. E. N. club had been reorganized, the prime mover being Mr. Sean O'Faolain, who shares with Mr. Yeats and Mr. O'Donnell the distinction of being a live wire of the Academy of Letters. As you all know P. E. N. is an international machine, not an organization—each club is autonomous and the functions are mainly local—which serves to keep the writers of the world in contact. The secretary of the Irish P. E. N. is Mr. C. P. Curran and the chairman the Earl of Longford. There is to be a dinner sometime soon and plans to secure permanent club rooms are under consideration.

The city, from the literary point of view, is becoming more and more like an isolation hospital or an internment camp. There is a prohibitive tax on foreign newspapers, and of course the censors are banning away for dear life. The amusing thing is, according to the Act, a book may be banned when it is, in its general tendency, indecent or obscene, but comparatively few novels are in their general tendency indecent or obscene, so the poor, darling censors, in order to provide a raison d'être for themselves, have been compelled to ban hundreds of novels which are only indecent and obscene to the extent of the three or four pages out of perhaps four hundred. Just too bad. I must say that most of the banned books seem to be remarkable for little else than their monstrous and surpassing dulness. The filmgoers too, have a very real grievance as they simply see mutilated versions of the current films and pay just the same price for them as British and American filmgoers. Now these petty Savonarolas are out to clean up the theatres! The Lord Mayor — the famous "Alfi" Byrne — has called a conference of theatre managers to combat the Evil—none of them are quite clear as to the nature of the Evil—but they are very glad and happy and busy interfering with other people's pleasures. And who is there to fight them? The Academy, as I have said before, boasts only three fighters, just three voices crying in the wilderness, the rest neither know nor care.

"It is dangerous to prophesy," wrote Mr. George Moore in one of his acid moments, "the future is always hidden; but if anything seems certain it is that the immediate future of Ireland is not art. Whatever education and culture there is in the country is leaving it. Ireland will soon be given up wholly to small farmers: out of these no doubt an aristocracy will emerge eventually, hundreds of years hence." And that was written thirty years ago but it might with equal truth have been written today.

A VIKING PRESS PUBLICATION

THE STORY WERFEL HEARD

In the summer of 1915, 5000 Armenian men and women made history. Facing exile which meant certain death, this band of simple, peaceful country people rallied to the summit of imposing Musa Dagh (The Mountain of Moses) and there, for forty days, struggled heroically against the might of the Turkish Empire.

In 1929, Franz Werfel, standing in the shadow of Musa Dagh, heard at first hand an account of this incident of the Great War. His author's mind recognized at once an epic theme.

Once more, the moving record of history was to be transformed into a living work of art.

For his hero he took Gabriel Bagradian, Armenian by birth, Parisian by education and inclination, who, as the story opens, returns to his native land and, with annihilation threatening his race, leads these 5000 peaceful villagers up the slopes of Musa Dagh, prepared to resist until death the Turks bent on carrying out the fatal decree of their war lord, Enver Pasha.

Simply, clearly, Werfel tells how the courageous little band dug themselves in, organized for battle, arranged a strange communal life, and, from a rock jutting out over the sea, flung a banner: "Christians in Need".

In prose which keeps pace with the excitement of his story, Werfel describes the mounting suspense of those forty days of constant struggle against the repeated thrusts of the Turks, against starvation and internal strife.

As for the overpowering climax, only Werfel can recount the happenings of that fortieth day when the Turkish forces gather for a final not-to-be-denied onslaught, and Gabriel, standing among the remnants of his decimated forces, hears the sound that rose from off the sea. . . .

Early last year, *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* was published in Europe. Quickly the word spread that here was a work of literature worthy to rank with the truly great novels of our time. Since reaching America just before Christmas, it has won the endorsement of four book clubs and a critical reception of unique proportions. In ten weeks it has sold more copies than any other novel published within the last year. Today, it is talked of throughout America. Every day, hundreds of new readers discover its excitement. 832 pages. $3.00

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH

BY FRANZ WERFEL

Problems of the Tariff

ECONOMIC PLANNING AND THE TARIFF. By James G. Smith. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY D. GIDEONSE

WHILE the natural scientists build upon the foundations laid by predecessors, economists must deal anew in every generation with the same hoary fallacies. Much of the present "planning" controversy is reflected in the old protectionist appeal. Some of the arguments can be found in exactly the same words. Professor Smith—a member of the Economics Department at Princeton—has evaluated the entire concatenation of fallacies and emotional economics with a fresh and critical eye.

Tariffs are the main subject, but the author has traced the tariff reasoning to its lair in political and social questions of a wide variety. Thus he establishes a relation between protectionism and our banking troubles, and he rightly stresses the close tie between our peculiar monopoly problems and the tariff tradition.

In America two flatly opposed groups have drugged public consciousness into acquiescence with monopoly whether it be the old "pool," the "trustee device," the holding company, the "large" corporation, or an NRA trade association. On the one hand there were the Marxists who saw an "inevitable tendency" towards larger business units, and on the other the promoters with appended banking satellites who "watered stocks" on the basis of anticipated "economies" of large scale operations. "Ideas" from the left and "interests" from the right combined to obscure the simple fact that in every industry different circumstances set a varying limit to efficient production. Technological improvements sometimes make small units more efficient and at other times they favor a larger scale of operations. General ideas that establish a similar trend for all branches of industry will almost certainly mislead.

The best way to muddy the stream of public opinion is to repeat the current twaddle about "inevitable tendencies." It is not necessary to give way to every force that develops in our public life *just because it develops*. Monopolists of one sort or another will always strive for legality. It is perfectly true, as Professor Smith says, "that the gangster appears to exercise some of the powers which are customarily identified with sovereignty . . . but that does not mean that it is necessary therefore that the sovereign state should surrender its claim to sovereignty to the gangster." The reviewer might add that it is no accident that most of the Chicago racketeering prosecutions take place under the anti-trust legislation. It is still true that the first defense of monopoly is the huge tariff wall that keeps the foreign check on abuse in abeyance. The whole modern problem of differential price rigidities is thus related to tariffs.

In this field the most elementary principles are constantly disregarded in public policy and in the writings of learned commentators upon the death of "laissez faire." Our historically illiterate contemporaries rarely recognize that the trend of events is rapidly returning to "laissez faire" its eighteenth century aroma of a revolutionary and productive doctrine. In its Adam Smith form it was a protest against entrenched privilege. Monopolistic conditions had developed which were directly due to governmental grants of one sort or another. The original laissez-faire teaching was an assault upon such special privilege. It is part of the irony of the age that the battle cry of Adam Smith *against* special privilege has been identified with vested interests as a program of letting special interests alone in a setting in which government had allowed the rules of competition to relax and has even fostered monopolistic practices itself by a series of "planning" devices, such as tariffs, subsidies, crop curtailments, trade agreements, and the like. Laissez faire, then, is again a revolutionary doctrine. In an economy that is strangled in tariff snares, managed currencies, quota schemes, NRA and AAA, it is the slogan of the day after tomorrow.

The author has made his subject bristle with life. This is probably not a book for the "general reader," but those who had no difficulty with Walter Lippmann's "Method of Freedom" and Sir Arthur Salter's "Recovery" will have none here. It is encouraging to find an academic economist prepared to enter the fray. His is the only voice that has not been heard sufficiently in the battle of special interests and isms that are bred by the American faith that the Government can *fix* everything.

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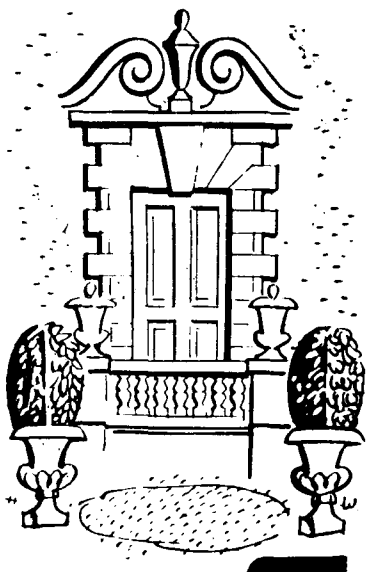

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Interpreting Soviet Russia

MOSCOW DIALOGUES. RUSSIAN SOCIOLOGY. RELIGION AND COMMUNISM. THE COMMUNIST'S ANSWER TO THE WORLD'S NEEDS. By Julius Hecker. New York: Wiley & Sons. 4 vols. 1934. $3 each.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, 1917-1918. By James Bunyan and H. H. Fisher. Hoover War Library Publications. Palo Alto: Stanford University Press. 1934. $6.

BOLSHEVISM, FASCISM AND THE LIBERAL-DEMOCRATIC STATE. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: Wiley & Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

THE first three of the volumes noted above—by Julius Hecker—contain the most plausible and sympathetic interpretation of contemporary Russian philosophy, religion, and social theory which has appeared in English. The author is uniquely fitted by birth, long residence abroad, and present associations to perform the task of translating the doctrines and attitudes of the ruling party in Russia to those of other faiths. "Moscow Dialogues" contains a systematic exposition, presented in the form of a stilted conversational exchange, of orthodox dialectical materialism; "Russian Sociology" is an informative history to those who are starting from scratch, of the exciting conflict of ideas in the development of Russian thought; "Religion and Communism" is the most comprehensive account available of the nature, progress, and probable consequences of the war conducted by the Russian militant atheists against organized religion.

Professor Hecker writes as a Christian Socialist who supports the doctrines and policies of the Stalinist faction in the communist movement. The result is, aside from the valuable factual material which all his writings possess, queer and contradictory analyses of important problems of philosophy and social thought. The complete absence of any critical comment upon the orthodox philosophy of dialectical materialism, which is a religious theology in all but name, the failure to come to grips with the so-called laws of dialectic taken over from Hegel, the confusion between materialism as a theory of being and realism as a theory of knowledge, can only be explained either as a result of profound ignorance of the central problems of philosophy or as downright apologetics. It would have been interesting to read his justification of the suppression of philosophical and political dissidents in the communist ranks which he does not so much as mention.

Professor Hecker's book on religion will make the widest appeal to a lay audience and should contribute to removing a great many misconceptions which prevail in English speaking countries about the policy of the Russian state towards organized religion. Organized religion, Professor Hecker proclaims, has no future in Russia. But he ventures timidly to suggest—and this is the only point in the orthodox Communist Party creed with which he takes issue—that the religious experience will reassert itself in the classless society of the future. In the light of the evidence which his book assembles and the principles of moral equivalence to which he subscribes, it is difficult to understand the grounds for Professor Hecker's belief.

It is when we come to the fourth book listed above—"The Communist's Answer to the World's Needs"—Mr. Hecker's most recent publication, that the full consequence of the author's desire to be organizationally orthodox becomes most painfully apparent. In plain honesty to his readers Mr. Hecker should have entitled this book, "What Stalin and the Third International Think about the World's Needs." It is not an exposition of communist theory but a defence, presented again in unconvincing dialogue form, of everything which the existing regime has carried out in national and international affairs since 1924. Although it contains some interesting factual material on the Five Year Plans, it is evident that Mr. Hecker is writing in the spirit of a government official. There is no objection to this providing Mr. Hecker does not pose as something else. But what is one to think of a Christian Socialist, on the sidelines of the class struggle most of his life, who is guilty of the political indecency of referring to Trotsky, Max Eastman, and others as "out and out communist renegades"?

Facts are stubborn things; even in history where in recent years the role of interpretation and creative synthesis has received increasing emphasis. For although it is true that no facts can conclusively prove any one interpretation, unless they are at the same time shown to be incompatible with all other possible interpretations, nonetheless they can conclusively disprove the easy generalization set up as laws, tendencies, and expressions of historical destiny. Where the struggle of interpretations becomes fiercest, even the humblest facts are often called into question; but they therefore acquire all the more significance after they are established by critical scholarship. About no event in history has fiercer controversy raged than about the October Revolution. Such is the intensity of the partisan strife that it is even denied that Trotsky played an essential part in the organization of the Red Army, Stalin's own acknowledgments of early years to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917-1918," by James Bunyan and H. H. Fisher, tells its story "in the language of decrees, manifestoes, and other public documents," most of them hitherto unavailable in English and some published for the first time in any language. It is not merely a useful compendium for the specialist but a fascinating treasure house of information for the intelligent student. By one of those piquant ironies of history, it appears as No. 3 of the Hoover War Library Publications and refutes in the course of its cold and unimpassioned recital some of the fables about the Russian Revolution and its leading proponents which at one time Herbert Hoover helped to circulate. Is it true that the Bolsheviks began negotiations with the Germans without notifying the Allies or giving them an opportunity to participate in them? Is it true that the Bolsheviks were willing to accept a humiliating peace at any price imposed by Germany? This volume presents the documents which show that the Allies were notified that Armistice negotiations were going to be offered to the Germans, that they were invited to state the conditions under which they would enter the discussions, and that the Bolsheviks were ready to resume operations against the Germans provided the Allies guaranteed some, no matter how limited, support. Is it true that the Bolsheviks regarded the Soviets as their own political preserves

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DOCTOR MOON *Catherine Meadows* (Putnam: $2.50)	Fictional retelling, with original trimmings, of Crippen case; police work almost entirely missing.	Whether or not you know your Crippen the tale is well told and sympathetically characterized.	Interesting
THE FIVE SILVER BUDDHAS *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2)	Five Chinese "lucky" pieces, five interlocking plots, including spies, stranglers, and second-story men.	Rich, if slightly cock-eyed, Keeler imagination, runs customary riot through streets and suburbs of Chicago.	Ga-Ga
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and refused to permit any other groups to share governmental power with them save on terms of unconditional capitulation? In this volume we find the documents on the Bolshevik Conditions of Agreement with Other Socialists which indicate that all of the conditions centered around the acceptance of the All Russian Congress of Soviets of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' deputies as the source of political authority, and included proposals for organizational measures to extend and strengthen that authority. There is not the slightest evidence of doctrinal ultimatism.

Perhaps the most impressive of the documentary materials presented here bear upon the way in which policies were determined within the Bolshevik party itself. The evidence seems to show that at moments which called for decisive formulations or actions the Bolsheviks were the least doctrinaire of all the parties which regarded themselves as Marxist, more realistic in catching the moods of the masses and in evaluating those imponderable forces of social psychology which in every short time action are more important than theories and statistics. It is remarkable, and yet the documentation on the point is compelling, that during the whole period of storm and stress in 1917 and 1918 the principles of centralized democracy within the Bolshevik party were faithfully adhered to. Minority opinion within the organization has never been given such latitude in expression since. This very freedom to take issue with the party leadership proved to be really a source of strength, for in addition to the greater flexibility in approach, critical awareness, and anticipation of difficulties confronting proposed policies which resulted from party democracy, there were fewer defections and less bitterness and waste of energy, than would have been the case if latter-day methods of treating intra-party opposition had then prevailed.

It is necessary to stress for the lay reader one methodological caution in approaching the materials submitted in this valuable collection. The sources and documents must themselves be critically evaluated. Whenever they are to be cited certain preliminary questions must first be answered, such as who wrote them; what were the purposes of the writers; what factors bear upon the credibility of the "objective" reports they contain.

Judged by his book, Mr. Parmelee may be set down as a glorified political globe trotter—always serious, sometimes critical, and full of a sense of the transcending importance of the themes he here discusses. The mythical man-on-the-street might find the information contained in this book rather useful in interpreting the unrelated historical events reported in his newspaper; but the reader who is reasonably informed of political currents and tendencies will find it a dreary performance, reflecting not so much Mr. Parmelee's fresh thoughts or his first hand reactions to what he actually saw but primarily the secondary material he has read on the subject. In the light of his avowed task to do what he declares no other author has as yet done, viz., "to describe and appraise these three forms of state in comparison with each other," his effort must be pronounced a flat failure. Any such evaluation and comparison, to have significance, must be made from the standpoint of certain general problems of social, political, and cultural philosophy which receive only a slight and superficial treatment in this book. What we are offered instead is a description of the contemporary social order in Russia, Italy, and Germany, topped off by an "analysis" of liberal democracy in Western Europe and America whose faltering ambiguity, as far as a definite program is concerned, is revealed in such baffling verbalisms as a hope for "an eventual functional organization of society under a technological control competent to create a genuine social mechanism."

What does this mean? The author indicates it is not capitalism, either in its liberal or fascist form; nor is it socialism of any known species. Perhaps it is technocracy. But the most important question about technocracy is one which most technocrats have always evaded, to wit: what is the social and political philosophy of technology? To imagine as some disciples of Mr. Howard Scott do that the technological plant solves of itself the all important problems of social objectives, principles of distribution, democratic control, educational ideals, etc., to imply that these are purely immanent problems which can be settled exclusively in terms of man-hours and energy output, is to betray an incredible political naiveté. The reader has a right to demand something more definite of Mr. Parmelee.

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Lost Letters of Swift

THE LETTERS OF JONATHAN SWIFT TO CHARLES FORD. Edited by David Nichol Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by SHANE LESLIE

THIS is treasure trove. This is a book that anybody with a glimmering of the Swift-expert about him has waited for long. And now at last! The race is not always to the fleet and in this case it is decidedly to the slow. Mr. Nichol Smith has obliged after many months and every Life of Swift will need a little reshaping, a little more paragraphing about a certain very dear and often close friend of the Dean. There can be no doubt but that the MS interpolations in the famous large paper copies of Gulliver in the Forster and Morgan collections as far apart as South Kensington and Thirty-sixth Street in New York were written in the hand of Ford. Those were passages which the printer had feared to print and Swift himself had preferred to be recorded in the script of another. So it is that we have not a scrap of Gulliver in MS.

Mr. Smith estimates that some hundred letters passed between Ford and Swift of which we have sixty-nine, but fifty-one are published for the first time in this volume. These letters of Swift were long preserved in that old treasure house of Madingley near Cambridge. Ten were sold in 1896 but the nine were found in the Morgan Library, which has contributed them generously to the Oxford editor. Ford had been a pleasant crony and young admirer of Swift during the period of the "Journal to Stella," which frequently mentions him. Ford knew both Stella and Vanessa, who knew him as "Don Carlos" and "Glassheel" respectively. As Stella was staying with him when Vanessa died, he must have known the secret truth which has utterly baffled all biographers since. And Mr. Smith tells us that "Ford was in the secret of Gulliver at every stage."

Ford's character is shown in Swift's manner of writing. When the Dean

> writes to Oxford and Bolingbroke he weighs his words: when to Pope, he is conscious of Pope's great gifts: when to Stella he is her master . . . when he writes to Ford he is under no restraint. . . . Our enjoyment of these letters suffers at times from their careless intimacy. But their distinction is that, better than any series of letters to any other friend, they give us Swift in undress.

Scholars may receive Mr. Nichol Smith's careful appraisement as the last as well as the first word uttered on these precious waifs of the eighteenth century. It makes one's pen tremble to be reviewing letters of Swift unread since they were penned and unknown to Dr. Elrington Ball, the editor of the colossal six volume collection of Swift's letters. In fact an editor can transcribe any of these and give students of Swift a thrill of the first magnitude.

The most interesting information to be gleaned from these Letters concerns the date of writing Gulliver, which has hitherto been matter of controversy. But here are some clear indications from the grave which a host of editors can never dispute:

> (April 15, 1721) I am now writing a history of my Travells, which will be a large Volume, and gives account of Countryes hitherto unknown; but they go on slowly for want of Health and Humor.
>
> (July 22, 1722) The bad Weather has made me read through abundance of Trash and this hath made me almost forget how to hold a Pen, which I must therefore keep for Dublin, Winter, & Sickness.
>
> (Jan. 19, 1724) I was at a loss about one of the Letters at first, but after found it was to you, and that you are a Traytor into the Bargain: else how should he (Bolingbroke) know anything of Stella or of Horses. Tis hard that Folks in France will not let us in Ireland be quiet. I would have him and you know that I hate Yahoos of both Sexes, and that Stella and Madame de Villette are only tolerable at best, for want of Houyhnhms.
>
> (Feb. 13, 1724) He (Bolingbroke) raillyes me upon my Southern Journey, says, swears it is no Pun, that Stella fixed my course, talks of the Houyhnhms as if he were acquainted with them, and in that shows you as a most finished traitor, for which you make very indifferent excuses.

Ford had sight of the original MSS and had obviously talked of the coming masterpiece. Otherwise Swift's friends kept the secret, for it was known to contain libelous reflections on the politics of the day. The printer naturally was only allowed a transcript which he could not trace to Swift's pen, accordingly, the original MS to the grief of editors and collectors disappeared. But Ford had an interleaved copy, for which Swift applied when he wished to restore "those mangled and murdered pages." Two letters concerning this copy now appear in full. Not until Faulkner's edition of 1735 did Swift approve an authentic one. Now we know its full value in the Swift Canon.

The volume also contains Swift's "South Sea Bubble" from the MS as well as a fragment of a pamphlet of 1714 entitled "A Discourse Concerning the Fears from the Pretender." Also Ford's MS on "Stella at Wood Park and her return to Dublin," which with some birthday verses to Stella for 1726 has been recovered in the Morgan Library. The verses are in Latin while the English translation is blotted heavily out. We ourselves have spent a vain hour trying to decipher as much as a word. Ford's hand wrote them but Swift may have dictated them just as he put his initials to a covering letter also in Ford's hand as follows:

> (March 13, 1726) Madam this being your Birthday, my Unkle ordered me to give my opinion in a dispute about your Age. I have decided it as well as I could in the short time allowed me and I hope you will excuse any harsh Expression in a Language which is much more familiar to you than to Madam
>
> Your most obedient
> humble servant
> J:S.

These are only titbits from a book in which the Morgan Library, the owners of the Madingley Papers, and the Clarendon Press have all shared. To those who love Swift it is almost too good to be true.

Shane Leslie is the author of "The Skull of Swift."

The Revolution from the Outside

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By George M. Wrong. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER

THROUGHOUT his long career of teaching and writing history Professor Wrong has been a foe to dulness and to parochialism. In this third volume of the history of Canada with which he is crowning his work, he has maintained his standards. He commands a fund of apt, illustrative anecdote which excites the envy of less alert collectors, and he weaves into a united fabric a huge historical drama from constituent scenes which were enacted in Whitehall and the Bowery, New England and the St. Lawrence basin, Virginia and the Ohio valley, Paris and Louisiana. His theme is the startling alteration in the fortunes and population of Nova Scotia and Quebec which came from revolution and civil war in thirteen of the British North American colonies and from the eviction of their loyalist inhabitants. Yet in order that his readers (particularly his Canadian readers) may be reminded of a due sense of proportion, he gives about as much space to British, European, and American affairs as he does to Nova Scotian and Canadian. This method in his earlier volumes, "The Rise and Fall of New France," aroused some criticism, but it is justified by its results.

"France is the conqueror in spirit, not the conquered, in the valley of the St. Lawrence." This conviction, amplified in the second chapter, redeems an implication in the title of the first volumes and an omission in their text. Moreover Professor Wrong manages to avoid the sentimentalism and a good deal of the condescension which mar so many English treatments of the French Canadians. He is realistic also about the loyalists without failing to do justice to their sufferings both at home and in exile in Great Britain, Nova Scotia, and Canada. His chapter on what the British government did to compensate for their losses loyalists who remained in the United States as well as those who left is a reminder of the British eighteenth century reverence for property as well as of remarkable generosity during difficult years.

The student with the need or appetite for detailed and meticulously accurate information on the subject of this volume should still be referred to A. L. Burt's "The Old Province of Quebec." Professor Wrong's volume is atmospherically accurate, but the specialist will want to alter the spelling of a name here, question a bit of accepted evidence there, and now and then suggest that a surmise or even a statement taken from one of the older secondary authorities has been invalidated by later scholarly investigation. Yet the moderately informed reader who wants to know how the American Revolution looked from outside, how it founded a new British nation in North America, and above all how the events of 1763-1790 are related to the North America and British Commonwealth of today, will find knowledgable, stimulating, and interesting guidance in this book.

Creative Listening

DISCOVERING MUSIC: A Course in Appreciation. By Howard D. McKinney and W. R. Anderson. New York: American Book Company. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

HERE is an "appreciation" book which in some respects stands head and shoulders above its contemporaries. Irrespective of its educational value, it is an excellent piece of writing indicative of a "broad and easy culture," and it contains a thorough discussion of the elements of esthetics free from the meaningless sentimentality common with less thoughtful authors.

The book, according to its prelude, has two aims—"to guide the uninitiated traveler who would embark upon a journey into the complex land of music" and "to be a Good Companion to those who, having already set sail, have made some discoveries for themselves, and are eager to shape their course towards wider worlds." The second aim has been admirably fulfilled, but there is some question as to whether the book is a good solution of the age-old problem presented in the first.

For the authors adopt a method which has been proved in many instances not to be the most effective and direct approach to music for those who have had little or no experience of it. The last two or three decades have seen the beginning of a new period in our civilization, and education, always a dozen years or so behind, is now in the midst of change and sharply contrasting theory. The altered outlook in the general world of music is bringing in new points of view in music teaching very different from the nineteenth century musical outlook which is still prevailing.

For the nineteenth century in music was quite content with its own production; music of the eighteenth century was generally a matter of historical rather than artistic interest. The instruments which dominated the field in earlier times were heard no more, and even the human voice in chorus, which had been the mainstay of music, and for centuries virtually the only means of musical expression, was relegated to the background in favor of the symphony orchestra and the quartet. With it went the spirit of amateur music, since people in general could not play instruments as easily as they had been able to sing. Music appreciation became a matter of listening, not participating.

But the twentieth century has seen a very significant return to all these things. The earlier centuries have been artistically revived and with them has come back the old idea of enjoying music through performance by amateurs as is readily possible in a chorus. A chorus of solo voices is no chorus at all. And with this has come a desire on the part of would-be appreciators to know some of the technical elements of musical sound—harmony and rhythm—as well as the elements of form which are usually taught.

Thus a fair criticism of the present volume would be that it does not recognize these new and vital forces which are affecting musical education. The authors recognize a "wave of enthusiasm for all sorts of musical activities," but they deplore the fact that many of these are commercialized and lead to a false culture. Of course they are right; cheap commercialism of the arts is one of America's greatest weaknesses. But if we must drop amateur performance for this reason, why should we not give up art altogether because makers of cheese or cigarettes hire huge symphony orchestras to play what is often bad music to millions of people? The quality of the music used in amateur performance depends always upon the teachers, no matter what method is used. Give people nothing but the best music to sing and they will come to a real, not a false culture.

This book, then, sticks to an old method based on listening to symphonies and other instrumental works with no more than a generalized analysis of form and beauty to be expected of the listener. Its emphasis is on nineteenth century music, and, from a strictly historical point of view, it neglects choral music and the music of the earlier centuries. Music for the beginner is approached through program music. The very first example is that complex work, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," followed by nationalistic music such as the Russian school and Impressionism as in the French. Can a rank beginner really understand these works in more than a dilletante manner? It may be said that the greatest esthetic thrill a beginner in music can experience is to participate successfully and intelligently himself in the singing of a Bach chorale.

by NEIL GUNN
author of "MORNING TIDE"

HIGHLAND NIGHT

The ruggedness, poetry and drama of the Highland people is in this novel, a story of a community whose people lived under the shadow of tyranny at the hands of English barons during the Napoleonic era. As memorable for its stirring story of love, song, and war as for its beauty of style, Mr. Gunn's book is surely to be numbered among the outstanding spring novels.

Illustrated by Freda Bone. $2.50

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The New Books

Biography

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY. By Mark Longaker. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Longaker's book opens with a carefully constructed essay on the vogue of contemporary biography, its author advancing numerous reasons why Lives appeal to the reading public of today and why changing interests have modified the art of the successful biographer. Consideration is also given to the problem of critical standards which, in the author's opinion, are sadly wanting in definiteness. The initial chapter is followed by well-rounded studies of Strachey, Bradford, Maurois, Ludwig, Guedalla, and Belloc. A final chapter deals briefly with a small group of American biographers in addition to the more dominant figure of Bradford. The list includes Henry Sedgwick, Herbert Gorman, Hendrik Van Loon, Joseph Wood Krutch, Katharine Anthony, Albert Mordell, L. P. Clark, Amy Lowell, Allan Nevins, and Carl Sandburg. Each full length study hinges upon a detailed account of the working methods and the literary manner of the biographer under consideration.

Mr. Longaker's critical estimates of Strachey and Ludwig are particularly successful, since he lays hold on Strachey's subtle brilliance quite as convincingly as he penetrates the often specious appeal of Herr Ludwig. Although the humorous passages are somewhat labored, the dominant tone of the book is easy, precise, and unaffected. There are moments when the writer sounds dogmatic or sententious, but they are rare, representing scattered blemishes upon a body of sound work. "Contemporary Biography" should prove useful and illuminating in a great field which still suffers from critical neglect.

M. H.

Fiction

SILVER COLLAR BOY. By Constance Wright. Dutton. 1935. $2.

This little book is a slight fantasy of the eighteenth century. An introductory chapter tells the family legend of Mrs. Van Westervelt, widow and heiress of a great London merchant, and her little negro slave, a fashionable importation from her West Indian plantations; how he is included in her portrait, wearing his silver collar; how he died young; and how ever since he has appeared before a death among her descendants. Then the book goes back to Mrs. Van Westervelt herself, and shows how, after she had too long coquetted with her many suitors, her passion for the poor portrait-painter led to the catastrophe. Of this book one can only say that its manner is indecisive; the reader is not sure whether or not the author aimed at the deliberate artificiality of the rococo; but it is certain that the book misses the values of a story of flesh and blood, without achieving the porcelain elegance which would be its only other possible tone. The decorations, in which the conventional ornaments of the rococo are used with a heaviness of line that is foreign to them, are similar in key, and similarly unsuccessful.

B. D.

I AM YOUR BROTHER. By Gabriel Marlowe. Harcourt, Brace. 1935. $2.

This is a remarkable novel, in some ways; and also, to this old stager, one of the most irritating books we have ever read. The style is irritating. In the first place it is entirely written in the present tense, and the number of "ands" used in it is almost more appalling than its initial premise: which is that a woman could bring forth a monster, through the unexplained experimentation of a London doctor—a creature with black claws on its feet, some kind of amorphous body, two enormous eyes, and a deep, dark voice that spoke beautiful English. Just how, under the circumstances, the monster should have been able to speak as he did, having the mother as she is described, is also unexplained. The other son is a musician, and he does not discover about his brother, who is kept locked up in their attic in their Soho lodgings, until after the mother's death. We are sorry to have to go into this much of the story, but the secret is soon enough out; a lot of the story concerns its effect upon Julian, the musician. The monster eats nothing but raw meat, and first the mother and then the brother procure it for him.

Mrs. Shelley, with her "Frankenstein," *redivivus,* one would say. And yet there seems to be a symbolism working in the story. Instead of Jekyll and Hyde one gets the feeling that in some mysterious way the monster is Julian's other nature, though this is not at all clear.

Then there is the phantasmagoric writing, so much of it, after Julian has met his brother, that it leaves one with the impression of a sort of mad genius on the part of the writer. Julian's first meeting with Lady Castle, for instance, at the house of Sir Desmond—it's all too phantasmagoric for words, and one wonders just why, at that particular stage of the game. It seems to be a fault in presentation, just as the impressionistic style of the book seems to us overdone. Just as we think it was a mistake to describe the physical aspect of the monster. The greatest horror, as in "The Turn of the Screw," by Henry James, is achieved by more subtle methods. As a matter of fact, we may be getting blasé, but we didn't get any gooseflesh at all out of the story, only occasionally a feeling of repulsion and disgust. While appreciating the dramatic virtues of the tale, the horror didn't come off. Vast pity for Julian, yes—and his career as a musician is convincing, and a lot of the music-hall part is excellent.

With all these exceptions taken, the story is indubitably rapid and vivid, and sometimes genuinely moving. We do not wish to give the impression that Mr. Marlowe is an inferior writer. He decidedly is not. This, as we have said, is a remarkable novel. The author knows his London, can create atmosphere—even though he employs a sort of shorthand that we find irritating—and a variety of characters. He has posed himself a herculean problem in endeavoring to show the course of madness in a sensitive spirit. It is a problem for the very greatest. Considering how much is left unexplained, in an uncanny way the book carries conviction, at least as to many of the characters in it. And the author has a creative imagination of a definitely dramatic type. The novel might make a good horror film; in fact its method suggests the cinema, and seems to me obviously influenced by it.

W. R. B.

Government

YOU ARE THE GOVERNMENT. By Jouett Shouse. Little, Brown. 1935. $1.

When the President of the American Liberty League expresses himself on a political theme, the resulting monograph is apt to be ignored by the radicals and cheerfully digested by the conservatives; for, without impugning the motives of the present Administration, the author sets his face against the greater part of its collectivist measures and tendencies, invoking the Constitution to exorcise all doubts on the score of political expediency. He points out the benefits of States' rights, balanced budgets, decentralized banking, the party system, and "due process of law," and likewise examines the dangers of bureaucracy, monetary experiments, and emergency powers. Certain assumptions, possibly developed from long experience, underlie these beliefs, but they are not brought to light in this book, which is a statement of convictions, rather than an argument for them. The task of determining the value of these convictions is left entirely to the individual voter, to whom the work is addressed.

R. G.

Miscellaneous

THE QUEST FOR SECURITY. By I. M. Rubinow. Holt. 1934. $3.50.

Four years of universal economic depression have made us all more conscious than ever before of the hardships to which the working masses are exposed through the impact of unforeseen misfortunes. Dr. Rubinow's interest in the subject is, however, of much longer date. He has been, for thirty years, a scientific investigator of the standing evils which the depression has intensified and brought into new prominence, and has long been recognized as a leading authority and writer in this field; and his reformatory ardor is fully on a par with his scientific devotion. Accordingly, this comprehensive book, both wider in scope and more popular in character than his work on "Social Insurance" which appeared more than twenty years ago, deserves, and will be sure to receive, the earnest attention of a large body of readers. They will find in it an adequate amount of information and discussion on every phase of the broad and important subject to which it relates; and they will find their humanitarian emotions as constantly appealed to as their desire for enlightenment. For Dr. Rubinow's object is not the spreading of knowledge for its own sake, but such stirring of public sentiment as will lead to action—to the acceleration of every movement (and there are many such) designed to abolish or reduce the suffering to which so large a part of the people are exposed through unforeseeable mischance. The first section deals with the problem of insecurity and the nature of the "American standard of living"; the remaining sections treat successively of Accidents, Illness, Old Age, Unemployment, Widows and Orphans, The Theory [of Social Insurance], Prophecy and Program.

A close examination of the book would discover some specific shortcomings in the discussion in spite of its indisputable ability. No such examination can here be attempted; but it may not be out of place to say just a word on two such points. We do not get a clear view of the limitations to the efficacy of unemployment insurance in the face of prolonged business depressions; and, while one of the changes which Dr. Rubinow advocates most ardently (and with great bitterness toward the medical profession) is compulsory health insurance and free medical service furnished by the state, the nature of the proposed compulsion is left somewhat in the air.

A fault of a more general character may be found with the book. In any zealous advocacy of social reform, there is almost sure to be a considerable injection of in-

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

justice, and even misrepresentation, regarding the existing order; and the present book is by no means an exception to this rule. For Dr. Rubinow's indignation at the resistance which perfectly reasonable proposals of social improvement have encountered from industrial interests there is ample ground; yet even the industrial devil may be painted blacker than he is, and Dr. Rubinow does it. Moreover, he fails to give the reader anything like an adequate feeling of the improvement that has actually taken place in living conditions, though this might be inferred by a careful reader from incidental statements which he himself makes. This preoccupation with the worse side of things as they are has the effect of sometimes nullifying his instinct as a scientist and statistician. Thus after saying that the figures customarily given for the minimum annual income to provide the American standard of living had risen from $600 in 1900 to $1800 in 1930, he remarks that "if the retail price index of food has risen from 70 in 1890 to 157 in 1930, then $600 in 1890 would be equivalent to $4100 in 1930." This is in itself an unimportant accidental error; but no statistician could, even if half asleep, overlook the fact that food is only about one-third of the cost of living covered by a typical $1800 income, if he were not under an overmastering preoccupation with his aim as an advocate. Against this bias the reader of Dr. Rubinow's book should be on his guard; but, with this reservation, the book may be heartily commended as a powerful presentation of the gravity of the evils against which it is directed and of the merits of the various proposals designed for their abolition or abatement.

F. F.

Music

THE FACTS OF LIFE IN POPULAR SONG. By Sigmund Spaeth. Whittlesey House. 1934. $1.50.

Kidding the popular song looks easy. Nobody, however, except Sigmund Spaeth could do it for a hundred and fifty pages without running thin. He goes for a joy ride in Tin Pan Alley and makes hilarious observations, on, for instance, the popular song and sex ("Let's Do It," "They All Do It," and other euphemisms that get by Mr. Sumner and Mr. Hays); also on the literary popular song ("Strange Interlude," "A Farewell to Arms," *et al:* Mr. Spaeth suggests that "a palpitating public is still waiting for 'Grand Hotel, I Think You're Swell,' 'Reunion in Vienna, Say When, Ah,' and 'Anthony Adverse, This Ain't Such Bad Verse.'"). Other chapters include "The Sillysyllabic School of Song" (boop-a-doop, vodeodo, and kindred examples of onomatopeia); "The Ruling Passion" (our native *Liebeslieder*); and "Stabilizing the Language Through Popular Song" (*e.g.*, "Never thought that anyone in their right mind could treat another human so unkind."). Perhaps the best chapter of all is "The Song-Writer's Bright Lexicon of Rhyme," which explores such dissonances as "truth" and "roof," "morning" and "dawning," "home" and "alone." The book concludes with an illuminating discussion of music publishing, the copyright law, and the plagiarism racket.

G. S.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

Attic for the Nightingale. H. Vinal. Brattleboro: Daye.

DRAMA

St. Helena. R. C. Sheriff and J. de Casalis. Stokes. $2. *The Silver Streak.* R. Whately. Los Angeles: Haskell-Travers. $2.50.

FOREIGN

Le Mouvement Humaniste en Amérique de Pensées Similaires en France. J. Laporte. Paris: Nizet et Bastard.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Primer of Chess. J. A. Casablanca. Harcourt. $2.50. *Dogs and Their Management.* F. W. Cousens. Scribners. $3. *The Herbaceous Garden.* Lady Martineau. Scribners. $3.75. *The Physick Garden.* E. G. Wheelwright. Houghton. $3. *Ten Bulls.* Trans. N. Sanzaki and S. Reps. Los Angeles: Devoess. *The Truth About the Protocols of Zion.* H. Bernstein. Covici. $3. *Salmon Tactics.* P. E. Nobbs. Houghton. $3. *Popular Crafts for Boys.* E. T. Hamilton. Dodd. $3. *Judge's Sixth Cross Word Puzzle Book.* Ed. by Staff of *Judge.* Day. *The Modern Encyclopedia.* Ed. A. H. Dannald. Wise. $1.95.

PAMPHLETS

Rudolph Ackermann. W. J. Burke. New York Public Library. *The Personal Note in Tennyson's Classical Poems.* D. Bush. Univ. of Toronto Quarterly.

REPRINTS

The Conquest of Canaan. B. Tarkington. Harpers. $2.50.

RELIGION

The Venture of Belief. N. S. D. Revell.

TRAVEL

No Longer Innocent. E. W. Irwin and I. van Goff. Harpers. $2.75. *Romantic and Historic Florida.* A. H. Verrill. Dodd. $3.

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

The 1935 Fifty Books

ON exhibition at the New York Public Library are the Fifty Books selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts from the approximately six hundred volumes submitted by American publishers from their product in 1934. It is the thirteenth annual show, opened to the public on February 5.

After an intensive examination of the fifty volumes which were chosen, I am led to the conclusion that in general it is not a very distinguished collection. There are high spots—such as the Grabhorn book on "The Spanish Occupation of California," with its appropriate type, its forthright title-page, its generous use of red ink; Mr. Updike's finished handling of bibliographical entries in his story of his own Press; and Mr. Garnett's superb hand-printed "Daphnis and Chloe." There is some excellent imitative printing, and usually the presswork leaves little to be desired.

But what one misses—as not infrequently in the past—is evidence of a free and lively imagination playing with type and paper. With the exception of the Grabhorn's "Spanish Occupation" and the Spiral Press's "Poems," by W. H. Auden, there are none of the title-pages which show originality or verve, and, save for one binding from the Grabhorn Press and several from the Limited Editions Club, none of the bindings. Has the depression subdued our designers, or are the designers inadequate to their task? Must we always be asked to admire, in the better examples, academic type-handling and perfection of presswork? Can we not somehow stimulate the imaginative faculty in book design? If the present show is any guide, we have not, at present, any designers worthy of the name, but merely skilful compositors and expert pressmen.

I suggest that two things need to be done to make the annual Fifty Books show worth while: first, the Jury should select as many first-class books as it can find, whether fifty or fewer, for the exhibitions sponsored by the Institute; secondly, the trade book designers, now disgruntled because of what they think inadequate representation, should organize an independent exhibition of fifty books or more contributed *without selection by a jury.* Such *salons des indépendants* are a commonplace in the painting world—why not try the idea in the graphic arts?

Four L. E. C. Items

I am not sure that the Limited Editions Club has become enough of an institution to warrant the use of its initials, but a successful career of some five years is not insignificant even for so ingenious a scheme as was Mr. Macy's. I have noted the books in this column as they have appeared, and with admiration for the plan I have tried to treat of the books fairly as to physical appearance. It so happens that I have before me four recent volumes which have not been noted, and this gives opportunity to make a somewhat broader generalization than is possible when one takes them up separately. The four volumes are:

Dickens's "The Cricket on the Hearth," printed by the Golden Cockerel Press;

Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," printed by the Walpole Printing Office;

Butler's "Erewhon," printed by the Pynson Printers;

"Tyl Ulenspiegl," printed by Enschedé.

Of these four volumes, I confess to a liking for the smaller ones—the "Erewhon" and "Frankenstein"—because they are easier to read. The larger formats seem to me too much in the nature of exhibition pieces, with not a great deal to exhibit. After all a book is meant to be read, save in those cases where the pictures are necessarily on so large a scale as to make a big size inevitable. I think that the Limited Editions Club books have erred too often on the side of large size.

One other generic fault I find with all these books: there is too much left to the pictures and not enough thought has been given to the type pages, as is evidenced by the lack of running heads, etc. Running heads are often stupid, but they do give a planned look to the page.

Of the illustrations I prefer Mr. Floethe's for "Tyl Ulenspiegl": they not only have the grotesque spirit of the tale, but they contribute that element of color—and bright color—needed in American books. Mr. Kent's illustrations in "Erewhon" do not seem first class; but perhaps I found the story less absorbing than it was when I first read it many years ago. The chapter heads fit the book admirably, which cannot so truthfully be said of the full page pictures. Mr. Henry's illustrations for "Frankenstein" seem not so good as they should be; but here is a book which is easily read because the type (one of Mr. Goudy's types, set by hand by Mrs. Goudy) is clear and readable, if a bit too light in general effect. The criticism of lightness cannot be levelled at Mr. Gill's type in the Dickens book: it is a solid type with ample color value.

Hugh Thomson's pictures for this last book under consideration need a word or two said of them. Personally I am not one of those who esteem his work, but in this case there is an opportunity to see it reproduced under the best possible conditions. The plates have been key-printed by heliotype, and then the colors have been painted in by hand. This at least gives Thomson's work every possible advantage. It is also a rare method of reproduction, and more rare in large editions.

Double-Crostics: Number 47

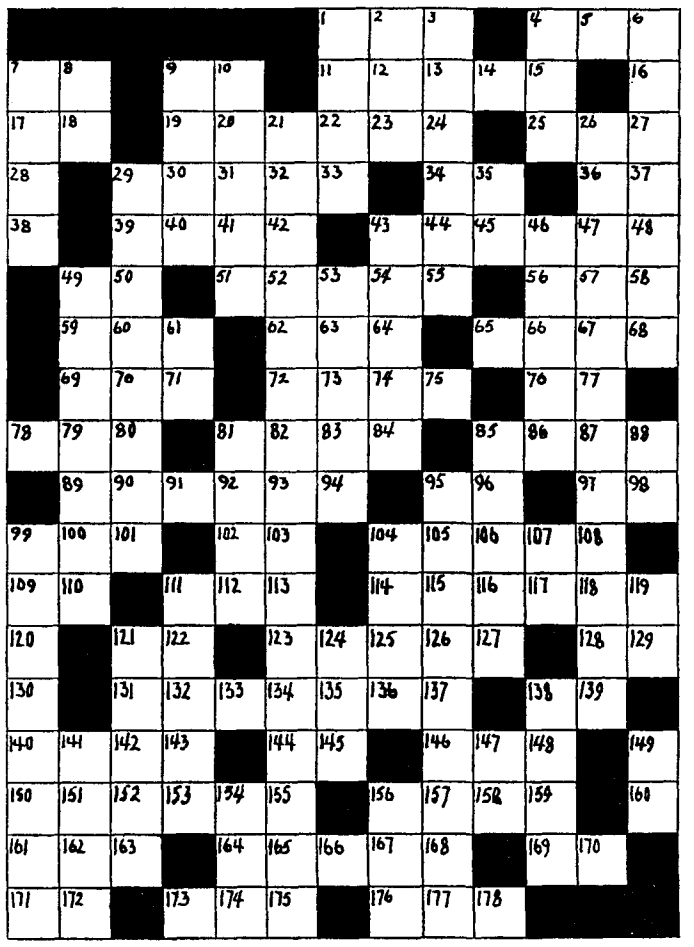
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 138-170-132-159-140-66-149-156-124. A starchy food.	— — — — — — —
II. 128-36-163-109-104-97-56-3. Remedy for poison.	— — — — — — —
III. 152-102-85-17-148-54. Puritan writer and divine.	— — — — —
IV. 46-60-88-70-78-41-177-135-4-125. Heedless.	— — — — — — — — —
V. 18-154-121-43-116. Site of the Krupp steel works.	— — — — —
VI. 14-37-39-55-178. Humble, modest in situation.	— — — — —
VII. 69-147-105-53-10. Novel by Anatole France.	— — — — —
VIII. 111-57-171-29-99-71-21-160-76-44. English poet (1752-1770.)	— — — — — — — — — —
IX. 45-89-59. William the Conqueror's brother.	— — —
X. 65-169-35-7. Succulent; rich in growth.	— — — —
XI. 28-136-2-162-133-107-93-130. Augmented.	— — — — — — — —
XII. 32-153-38-112-49-58. To alternate in a series.	— — — — — —
XIII. 34-123-82-120-144-110-173-63-101. Acquired by evil means.	— — — — — — — — —
XIV. 42-158-98-77-118-64-22-91-8. Lacking confidence.	— — — — — — — — —
XV. 6-20-72-134-166-1-114-73. Scene of the Crucifixion.	— — — — — — — —
XVI. 100-51-150-106. Large stiff collar.	— — — —
XVII. 81-26-62-127-12-67-137-33. Ancient African city.	— — — — — — — —
XVIII. 86-50-79-11-30-151-139-16-92-174. Confused mixture.	— — — — — — — — — —
XIX. 27-83-68-24-94. Large collections (colloq.).	— — — — —
XX. 9-145-161-31-103-141-165-129. State of being part of whole.	— — — — — — — —
XXI. 74-131-115-143. An Asiatic ruler.	— — — —
XXII. 172-52-108-164-19-75-48-119-13-142-126-146. Or what you will.	— — — — — — — — — — — —
XXIII. 87-23-176-5-47-113-168. Points out exactly.	— — — — — — —
XXIV. 25-95-80-167. To luxuriate warmly.	— — — — —
XXV. 61-90-155-40-84-117. Corroding, ravaging.	— — — — — — —
XXVI. 15-122-157-175-96. Author of "The Road to Xanadu."	— — — — — —



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 46)

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

PIANISTS! MUSIC LOVERS! TEACHERS! STUDENTS! "Mastering Thirds" for $1.00. Exceptional opportunity included. Austin Roy Keefer, Langhorne, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL BUSINESS, men and women (Christian) maintain accustomed living standard, yet reducing cash outlay while studying, seek permanent position or writing, may enjoy cooperative experiment in luxurious old mansion. Work 20 hours (dining room, office, upkeep, outdoor) and contribute $4.50 weekly in exchange room, board, recreation. Work less contribute little more. Write Union Church, 229 West 48th Street, New York.

ARE YOU lonely or blue? Join The Star Friendship Exchange, Box 1329, Roanoke, Va. Send stamp for particulars.

WANTED: Tired publisher who needs adequate part-time help may hire for moderate sum an industrious, capable, middle-aged man who possesses excellent education, shrewd judgment, and discrimination. Office, sales, reading, editorial experience. M.

BACKWARDS BACH! The Musikverkehrtgesellschaft sponsors a device that makes phonograph records play backwards. Is instantly attached to your phonograph; harmless to records. One Dollar Postpaid. Thingummy Co., 833 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Calif.

WIDOW in need wishes kind person of means to assist her by buying her diamond ring for five hundred dollars. Please write first. Box 253-A.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, 21 January, places Doctor Rosenbach, fourth; and Christopher Morley, fifth; in a list of great men who have accomplished great things in literature. My idea is slightly different. First, A Ghost-Writer; second, Doctor Rosenbach; third, "Edmund Spenser"; fourth, "William Shake-speare"; fifth, Christopher Morley.—George Frisbee.

YOUNG WOMAN WRITER, as yet little published, wants to leave her secretarial position in Wall Street for any job on any publication. Capable reviewer, interviewer, satirist. College degree; additional study of professional writing. Inquiries welcomed. Box 242-A.

WANTED: Young gentleman who appreciates a home to share moderate-priced apartment, having well-stocked library. Box 243-A.

WANTED someone to adopt stamp collecting as hobby and purchase my collection of 10,000 varieties as a starter. Stamps in fine condition from all over world, classified and mounted (on hinges), half in three new albums and other half in small books ready for transfer to albums. Price $150. Box 244-A.

CHICAGO GENTLEMEN. Is there one, over 30, intelligent, honest, unattached, desirous of exchanging ideas? Young lady enjoys music, drama, literature, even dancing and good movies! Box 245-A.

ATTRACTIVE double room and bath, southern meals, adjacent beautiful grounds of University of Virginia. Box 246-A.

SOMEWHERE on the College Highway there must be an attractive Protestant woman under thirty who would like to be entertained by a single gentleman of means and culture. Answer Box 247-A.

PH.D. GOWN, good quality silk, blue velvet facings, wanted by small lady—at once. Cash, if reasonable price. Box 248-A.

BASHFUL LADY, fond of good music, literature and gardening, would enjoy correspondence with gentleman, unattached, with similar tastes. Box 249-A.

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GRETCHEN: Does Kansas burn? If so, I remain here. Discretion and valor, you remember. Biltmore.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A LITERARY REFERENCE SHELF

What would you recommend as the tools of the trade [writes J. S. K., of Pittsburgh, Pa.] *for one contemplating a fling at a literary work? By this I mean what would you recommend in the way of word books, handy general reference material, etc.? My stock at present consists of a Webster's* DICTIONARY, *Fowler's* ENGLISH USAGE, *and a Roget's* THESAURUS (*Mawson:* 1924).

J. S. K., on his own recognizance as the lawyers would say, already has three of the indispensable tools of the trade. But to the Webster dictionary, for good measure and because wandering through its definitions is an entertaining performance, I'd add the CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY (Oxford University Press) without which life would lose one of its most trusted implements for me. If J. S. K. will turn to the page in this issue to which Amabel Williams-Ellis (who, incidentally, is a sister of John Strachey and a brilliant and delightful person in her own right) contributes directions for playing the game of "Wump" which she and her family in England have devised, he will discover a use for the CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY never dreamed of in the plans of its authors. However, I must not dally over games but hasten on to reference books in their proper uses. Crowell publishes A DICTIONARY OF FOREIGN TERMS, by C. O. Sylvester-Mawson, which is useful to have on the shelves in addition to the general dictionaries, while at its side might stand some good style book, such a one, for instance, as that issued by the University of Chicago Press, and a book on grammar by Jespersen or George Philip Krapp. These which I have so far mentioned, are the guidebooks, as it were, to correct writing. Now, for the reference books to which almost anyone working in the literary field must at one time or another have recourse. There is a brace of indispensable volumes in Brewer's READER'S HANDBOOK (Lippincott) and his DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE (Lippincott), the first of which supplies brief but lucid accounts of such names as are used in allusion and reference, whether by poets or prose writers, of the plots of popular drama, the story of epic poems, and the outline of well-known tales, and the second of which presents the "derivation, source, or origin of common phrases, allusions, and words that have a tale to tell." Brand's OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES (Altemus), a book crammed full of curious information concerning the origin of vulgar customs, ceremonies, and superstitions, is a worthy third to add to the Brewer volumes. If J. S. K. has a few moments to spare for this book some day he might sit down and read its entry under "Ghosts," to pick a subject almost at random, just to see how entertaining a reference book can be. Every reference shelf should, of course, contain Bulfinch's MYTHOLOGY (Modern Library Giant combining THE AGE OF FABLE and THE AGE OF CHIVALRY and THE LEGENDS OF CHARLEMAGNE all three in one volume), and would be infinitely the richer for Smith's DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES (American Book Co.) and the same scholar's COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE (an abridgment from a larger work, published in this country by Appleton-Century). The Bible and Shakespeare, it should go without saying, ought to be on every literary reference shelf, and there, too, should be those admirable reference works, Bartlett's FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (Little, Brown), and Burton E. Stevenson's recently issued HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS (Dodd, Mead), to whose over seventy thousand quotations Mr. Stevenson's publishers tell me the author is already planning to send out a supplement. Mr. Stevenson's HOME BOOK OF VERSE (Holt), to my mind the best single-volume anthology of poetry available, should be on the shelf as a matter of course. In my own library I flank it with Palgrave's GOLDEN TREASURY (to be had in various editions, among others the Everyman) and THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE (Oxford University Press), none of which I could do without. Louis Untermeyer's MODERN AMERICAN POETRY AND MODERN BRITISH POETRY (Harcourt, Brace) ought to keep the foregoing company, and to their number might well be added Mark Van Doren's ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY (Boni). I don't know on what scale J. S. K. intends to build his reference library, but if he can summon the funds even for the cheaper editions of the Cambridge histories of English and American literature (Macmillan), he will add to his collection reference works of the first magnitude. The original editions contain excellent and comprehensive bibliographies of which the cheaper have been bereft. If something less expensive must be substituted for the English set, J. S. K. can fall back on Garnett and Gosse's ENGLISH LITERATURE (Macmillan). AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890 (Appleton-Century), by Carl and Mark Van Doren, and John Macy's THE STORY OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE (Liveright), a highly condensed but valuable survey for reference purposes, are excellent books to add. Finally, of course, every reference library should contain a good cyclopedia, either the BRITANNICA, I should say, or THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA (Funk & Wagnalls). The former is the great work of the sort in the English language, but the latter is to my mind in many ways more useful for general purposes. And now that I've run my reference library up to the point where I'm advocating additions at the cost of a set of the Britannica I'll bring it back within the possibilities of any purse with a volume than which I would rather dispense with almost any other in my own collection—THE WORLD ALMANAC (New York World-Telegram). What has it got to do with literature? Try to find a list of Pulitzer or Nobel prizewinners from the beginning to the present, or a necrology of last year's authors, and you'll soon see.

THE ALPHABET

J. F. B., of Louisville, Ky., *wants the title of a book, not too technical, that gives the history of our alphabet; also one that tells about the runes our ancestors used.*

Clodd's STORY OF THE ALPHABET (Appleton-Century) traces the development of writing from picture writing to phonetic symbols, placing special emphasis on primitive methods and forms. A short and attractive presentation of the history of writing and the formation of alphabet is contained in a pamphlet issued two years ago by American Council on Education called THE STORY OF WRITING. As to the runes more specifically J. F. B. might try THE RIDDLE OF THE RUNES, by A. G. Brodeur (University of California Press). He will also find a scholarly article on the latter in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
ROMANY *Lady Eleanor Smith* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.50.)	Novel	Story of the gypsy girl who, profitably dancing away sorrow for dead lover, snares desirable Britisher into happy marriage. Lover pulls an Enoch Arden—Tumult!	Harmless
SHABBY TIGER *Howard Spring* (Covici-Friede: $2.50.)	Novel	Young artist of family finds himself caught in the dizzy swirl of Manchester's bohemian radical group. The lure is attractive. Strike battle forms climactic big scene.	Blend
THE HORNET'S NEST *Helen Ashton* (Macmillan: $2.50.)	Novel	Bungled operation on Mrs. Moreland's appendix boils the pot among medical men and associates in small community. By author of "Dr. Serocold."	First Rate

PERSONALS

YOUNG man wishes use of piano two hours a day. Will pay $2 per week. Box 254-A.

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BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR FRANCE and French readers in America, chosen by the Committee of the French Book Club (Comtesse de Chambrun, Abbé Dimnet, M. André Maurois, M. Firmin Roz) in conjunction with Committee of Sequana (France's largest book society). FRENCH BOOK CLUB, INC., 415 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Telephone, MUrray Hill 2-5292.

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LIBRAIRIE FRANÇAISE, 558 Madison Avenue, New York, always ready to buy good French books and Libraries.

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J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. Marketing on commission. No advance charges. 5639 Rippey St., Pittsburgh, Pa. (or 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C.).

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Man and boy, your correspondents have proclaimed *The Inner Sanctum* "open door" policy since 1924. Any members of The American Sceptics Society who crave precise proof and specific examples of this high-sounding editorial doctrine are respectfully referred to the SIMON AND SCHUSTER catalogue for Spring, 1935.

In line with the tradition of *The Inner Sanctum*, advance copies of this catalogue will be sent—without cost, obligation, or warning—to any readers of this column who make known their interest to the publishers, by writing to Dept. 32. This announcement for Spring, 1935 lists *twenty Inner Sanctum books—exactly the same seasonal output which your correspondents have regularly maintained* through all these hurrying years, in the face of booms, panics, technocracy, humanism, and all the other fevers and grandeurs of the noun-and-adjective traffic. To achieve this tranquil consistency and restraint, *The Inner Sanctum* has found it necessary to practice the art of saying "No" in ten languages.

Of the twenty books to be issued between January and July, 1935, exactly five—or twenty-five per cent—are "firsts" by newly discovered authors—the best possible indication of what *The Inner Sanctum* means by the "open door" policy. (*Kindly typewrite on only one side of the page and enclose return postage.*)

And these five authors will find themselves in company with

F. P. A.
FRANK BUCK
ABBE ERNEST DIMNET
THEODORE DREISER
WILL DURANT
VIRGINIA FAULKNER
OGDEN NASH
WALTER B. PITKIN
JOHN COWPER POWYS
TESS SLESINGER
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

in the new *Inner Sanctum* catalogues. (If catalogues come, can Spring be far behind?)

NEWS!

Since *The Inner Sanctum* last appeared in this place, your correspondents have issued four books. ☛ Two of them, *The Victor Book of The Symphony* and *Memory of Love* have become outstanding best-sellers, with the other two, *The Complete Wine Book* and *The Cross Word Puzzle Book, Series Thirty-three*, not far behind. ☛ After ten years of intrepid and somewhat reckless research it has dawned on *The Inner Sanctum* that the long-dreamed-of successor to the cross word puzzle is the cross word puzzle. ☛ THE SHAPE OF THINGS ALREADY HERE: **Monday, Feb. 11** marked the publication of a book which authoritatively and excitingly discloses the practice, as well as the theory, of the leisure class—the specie multi-millionaire anatomized in all his glory and degradation: *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*, by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR. Three days later, on St. Valentine's Day (appropriately enough) *The Inner Sanctum* released another red-letter book, *The Primrose Path*, by the world's greatest stuffed-shirt deflater, murderer of the King's English and carpet-tack placer on the seats of the mighty, OGDEN NASH. ☛ (*To be continued.*) ☛ Which indicates why February is a short but exciting month for

ESSANDESS.

For Double-Crostic Fans

WE have recently published a book of Double Crostics, edited by Elizabeth Kingsley.

The book contains Fifty Double Crostics that have never before appeared elsewhere. *It is available at all booksellers or direct from* SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC., 386 *Fourth Avenue, New York City. Price....$1.35 per copy.*

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THEY'RE now making a talkie of "The Devil Is a Woman," and at the same time Doubleday, Doran announces a new novel called "Satan Was a Man." What *is* one to think? . . . *Louis Fischer*, author of a standard two-volume work on the Soviet's foreign relations, is now giving lectures here and reading proof of his book, "Soviet Journey," which Smith & Haas are publishing toward the end of March. Mr. Fischer is an American. . . . A memoir, one of the tracts of the Society for Pure English, has been published by the Oxford University Press, concerning *H. W. Fowler*, one of the two famous brothers who wrote "The King's English" and compiled "The Concise Oxford Dictionary," as well as translating Lucian. An interesting anecdote is that in the late Great War both brothers concealed their real ages on enlisting. One was fifty-eight, the other forty-six. At the front they were returned to the base as too old to fight, and put to such tasks as dish-washing, coal-heaving, etc. At length they determined to ask for either active service or a discharge. They drew up a document, as privates in the Army, pleading the "definite public utility" of their work for the Oxford University Press. . . . *William Cary Duncan*, who has now done right by Madame Jumel in an extremely interesting biography that Stokes has just published, wrote for years the librettos of comic operas. *George M. Cohan* composed the music for many of them. In 1929 Mr. Duncan went to Hollywood, but he didn't even stay a full year. He now lives on the old family place in North Brookfield, Mass., where he has a commercial apple-orchard and raises Irish setters. He is a director of the American Kennel Club. . . . *Vincent Sheean* wrote most of his "Personal History" on Lago Maggiore. He got flu in the wet weather there. Then the water system of his cottage broke down. Meanwhile it was raining dismally. "It rains like this for months," a village maiden told him cheerfully. His bedroom was inundated by the floods. . . . Well, anyway, the book got written! . . .

Roger Burlingame, the novelist, has a farm in Connecticut called "The Borogroves." But shouldn't it be "Borogoves"? I understand that the "r" slipped into a later American edition of Carroll's classic. Anyway, Mr. Burlingame has now celebrated the arrival at his place of ten Airedale pups by naming them Beamish Boy, Snickersnee, Brillig, Jub-Jub, Tum-Tum, Tulgy, Frabjous, Mimsy, Gimbel, and Jabberwock! . . . And "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" has now had 116,000 copies printed. Well, all I can say is—said he furiously! . . . The tenth annual session of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference will be held under the auspices of Middlebury College during the last two weeks of August, 1935. It offers four fellowships to men or women nominated by book publishers or magazine editors. The fellowships will pay all regular charges—tuition, board, and lodging—during the period of the conference. The clans gather at the Bread Loaf Inn, a country hotel situated in the heart of the Green Mountains, twelve miles from Middlebury, Vermont. . . . *Beth Brown*, who has nine novels to her credit, believes in doing thorough research for them. To get material for "Lady Hobo" she crossed the continent five times in her own car, with only her dog, Hobo, along. She has also been a lot of things from check-room girl, in a New York night club, to a crop-picker on a California fruit ranch. She joined a travelling carnival to write "Ballyhoo," and served in a burlesque show to write "Applause." She studied dancing in Paris to get the right ballet stuff in "Wedding Ring," and went to Reno (just to study) for "Man and Wife." That all makes me feel so effete that I am going to write a novel about a lama in Thibet who falls in love with a South African beauty, and write it all—by Gosh! —from the top of the Chrysler building. . . . *Kenneth Roberts* is in Italy, freezing to death in what he calls "the horrible Italian climate," and at work on another novel to add to the Chronicles of Arundel. . . . *Partisan Review*, a Bi-Monthly of Revolutionary Literature, has come to my desk. It is published by the John Reed Club of New York. I read one story in it of morons on a ranch, and it was just about what I expected. . . . The fourth annual meeting of the Winter Institute of Literature at Coral Gables, Miami, Florida, is on. It began last Monday and will last until March 1st. Among the lecturers are *Whit Burnett*, editor of *Story*, *Mary* and *Padraic Colum*, *Edward Davison*, *Robert Frost*, *William McFee*, and *Eunice Tietjens*. . . . *Albert Payson Terhune* is spending the winter in his apartment on Riverside Drive, but he's left all his dogs at Sunnybank. . . . There are seven different awards listed by the College Poetry Society of America, and any collegians interested should address inquiries to *Ann Winslow*, Secretary, 2305 Fulton Street, Berkeley, California. . . . *Charles J. Finger* reports his magazine *All's Well* started on its twelfth year, and his audiences growing. . . . *Thomas Wolfe's* new novel, "Of Time and the River," will be published on March 8th. The first edition is already in the press. . . . In *The Nautical Gazette* recently *Felix Riesenberg* had an interesting criticism of the seamanship, or lack of it, that permitted *Alan Villiers's* ship, *Joseph Conrad*, to drift on the rocks off Owl's Head Park, Brooklyn, early in January.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞The *Publishers' Weekly* annual compilation of the year's book production figures always interests Q. 1934 ran true to form among U. S. publishers. Macmillan, as usual, was most prolific, with 483 titles; Oxford University Press next, 257; and Doubleday, third, 201. The next dozen were as follows:—Harpers, 195; Dutton, 174; Appleton-Century, 160; Houghton Mifflin, 149; Longmans Green, 146; Scribners, 144; Farrar and Rinehart, 128; Lippincott, 103; Harcourt, Brace, 99; Knopf, 98; Dodd, Mead, 97; Little, Brown, 86. Interesting to see that Simon & Schuster kept their number of titles down to 37.

☞A. C. sends us the Midyear Exam paper in English 101 at the University of Buffalo. One of the questions was based on a recent item in the Personals of this paper, signed "Lusus Naturae." The Buffalo examiners asked their students to compare the temperament of the advertiser with that of Jonathan Swift.

☞We often gain from catalogues of autographs twinges of comparative value. In a recent Goodspeed list of "Inexpensive Autographs" we find:—Edward Bok, 35c; Bruce Barton, 25c; Louis Bromfield, 50c; Cutcliffe Hyne, 75c; Dean Inge, 75c; Dionysius Lardner, 25c; Don Marquis, 75c; H. L. Mencken, 75c; G. J. Nathan, 50c.

☞We were sorry to hear of the death of Corra Harris, one of Georgia's outstanding personalities. She was a remarkable woman and her *A Circuit Rider's Wife* (1910) is well remembered. She liked to think of herself as an old-fashioned woman but her views were liberal beyond most of her generation. When she used to stay at the Hotel Seymour, 20 and more years ago, her callers had to go upstairs to her room to talk because in those days women did not smoke in the public lounge of a hotel. ☞We always had a strong curiosity to see the book *The Jessica Letters* in which she collaborated with Paul Elmer More. We should have liked also to attend her course of lectures on Evil at Rollins College; wish some of her students would tell us about it.

☞*The New Yorker* remarks of A. P. Herbert's *The House by the River*, now republished by Doubleday, that it's so good they wonder why they never heard of it. How old that makes Ancient Quercus feel: he well remembers typing down the whistle-cord for that book in a newspaper column he was writing in March 1921. A witty and admirable story; with one passage (p. 155) which most American readers will find incomprehensible.

☞Quercus is mourning the separation of what he has always fondly believed to be two of the strangest bedfellows in the book business. Morgan's, Inc., *Jewelry and Books*, of Lansing, Michigan, has gone out of business. But the cloud has an appropriately silvered lining. The former manager, C. W. Ellison, is opening a shop early in March under his own name at No. 8 Strand Arcade in the same city, and he is again going to sell the SRL to his customers. Good going!

☞Ben Abramson, of Argus Book Shop, Chicago, is grieved about the reviews of his favorite *Ivor Trent*. The sales of this book, he groans, "were conceived in anemia, born in pallor, and seem destined to die of unbelievable indifference."

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
author of
NOW IN NOVEMBER
writes—

"I don't know how I can say half enough, just how fine I think Vincent Sheean's PERSONAL HISTORY. It is an exceptional book—the power to recreate the remembered scene and make history live and the directness of approach are extraordinary. What impressed me on finishing the book (and I read every word and wished there was more of it) was that a record of life, without change or artifice, had resulted in a work of art equal to some of the greater imaginative novels. . . .

The scattered scenes and times and people are integrated by the singleness of purpose—the desire to understand, the search for truth, and the individual need to find relationship with the world make a unified whole out of a series of chaotic adventures. . . .

It is this high seriousness of purpose and the beauty and honesty of the book that set it so far apart—and above most other autobiographies.

I felt very strongly—more personally than can be explained in a brief letter—the problem and struggle which Vincent Sheean has recorded—and I hope, for the sake of readers themselves—that the book will reach a wide public. I know already innumerable people I want to tell about it and to keep on telling them until they read it."

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by VINCENT SHEEAN
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This one volume is, in reading enjoyment, worth at least three of the ordinary run of novels

—ROBERT VAN GELDER,
New York Times

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—of whom William Soskin writes: "I regard her as one of the most stimulating, irritating, acidulous and lovable of living novelists." $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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